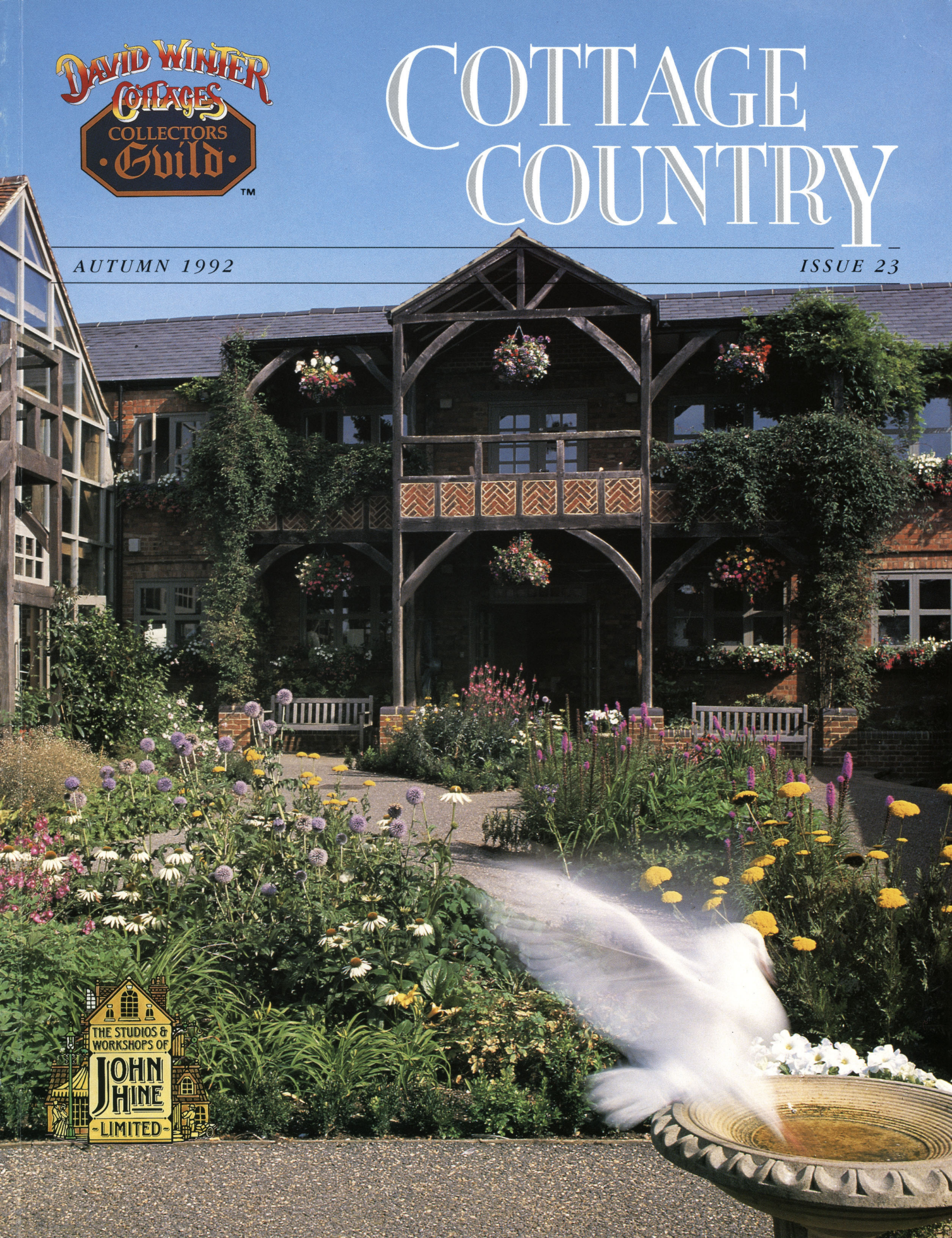
DAVID WINTER COTTAGES COLLECTORS Guild™

COTTAGE COUNTRY

AUTUMN 1992 ISSUE 23



RETIREMENT NEWS

GUILD MEMBERS! DON'T FORGET TO LOOK IN THE FOLLOWING NEWSPAPERS ON THE LAST THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH THROUGHOUT 1992:

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH (U.K.)
STARS AND STRIPES (Europe)
USA TODAY (U.S.A.)
THE GLOBE AND MAIL (Canada)
THE AUSTRALIAN (Australia)

THERE WILL BE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM DAVID WINTER AND JOHN HINE. IT MAY CONTAIN NEWS OF A RETIREMENT … OR IT MAY NOT.

MAY, JUNE AND JULY'S MESSAGES WERE…

28th May

"David Winter and John Hine have a message for all their collectors: 'As from today's date, Tollkeeper's Cottage will be retired from the collection.'"

25th June

"John Hine would like everyone to know that it is his birthday on 7th July. David Winter is already planning to send him a card."

30th July

"A big cheer for David Winter whose sculpture A Christmas Carol was awarded Ornament of the Year for 1991 at the South Bend show in the USA last week. John Hine Studios have other exciting news for their collectors – but they must wait another month."

… AND BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS YOU WILL ALSO KNOW ABOUT 27TH AUGUST ! ! !

Happy coincidences occur now and again and in this issue of Cottage Country we were blessed with one. No sooner had we decided to include Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross in our article about nursery rhymes, than we heard about a Guild Member who lives just a few miles from the actual Cross! Carole Walker comes from Banbury and owns an impressive collection of David Winters. You can read about her in 'Meeting Collectors'. You can also meet Julie Morozevitch, another enthusiastic collector who lives in Queensland, Australia. Find out why she keeps her cottages in a wardrobe!

Birthstone Wishing Well is a new venture — a piece available exclusively at painting promotions which can be personalised with the collector's initials. We are also delighted to present two new pieces for the Irish Collection, Murphys and O'Donovan's Castle. The latter is featured in our 'Inside . . .' article. Mad Baron Fourthrite's Folly is now retired but there's no getting rid of the Mad Baron himself — he's still at large on video and cassette, but we don't recommend it.

This year marks the tricentenary of the outbreak of the English Civil War which we commemorate in Peep at the Past. There is quite a bit of history, too, in the stories behind nursery rhymes, some of which is definitely not for children. Back in present day rural England, we have discovered a remarkable survivor of a bygone age, a sixteenth century cottage which has avoided any modernisation. Oakhurst Cottage is about as close to a real David Winter Cottage as you'll ever see.

You will be saddened as we were to hear the news of Audrey White's death. The first painter of David Winter Cottages passed away this summer less than a year after retiring from her desk at Eggars Hill. We shall all miss her. Goodbye to a dear friend.

John Hine JOHN HINE

Front Cover: Eggars Hill by Glenn Blackman.
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A real David Winter Cottage?...page 48

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As all David Winter Cottages are handpainted, colours may vary from the pieces pictured in Cottage Country.

Two new additions

Murphys

This is the house in which the noted Mr Murphy lived in about 1838. As everybody in the world knows, Mr Murphy wrote and published a Weather Almanac which predicted the temperature and conditions for each day of the coming year. He was either acquainted with a division of science of which only he was aware or he was confoundedly lucky because he was spectacularly successful at getting the odd day or two right. For instance, he correctly foretold that the 20th day of January would be the coldest day of the year and warned horticulturists to protect their semi-hardy plants. This gained a massive amount of publicity and Mr Murphy cashed in handsomely by selling a huge number of his Weather Almanacs; in fact he pocketed no less than £3,000 which was a vast amount of money and would have enabled him to become a landed gentleman with a great house, many servants and horses. However, if anybody had bothered to go into his predictions with more care and counted the number of days when he got it right and those on which he was hopelessly wrong, they would have found he was miles off the mark about 60% of the time – not even as good as the odds on tossing a coin. It's called "the luck of Murphys".

01847 Size: (w) 3 1/8" x (h) 5 3/4"

O'Donovan's Castle

Over indulgence in strong liquors was a vice of the nineteenth century which reached almost epidemic proportions in every part of the world, including Ireland. Many reformers saw the necessity to control the excesses of the community, otherwise there would be a breakdown in law and order and no work would get done. Connor O'Donovan was one such enlightened person who had a very compelling way of making people take the vow of total abstinence – he intimidated them by looming over them and shouting down the horrible things he'd do if the vow wasn't taken immediately. For Connor O'Donovan was a giant, being nearly nine feet tall and broad with it. He terrified everyone with his massive frame and also the nastiest face to be found in the whole of Ireland. He spent all his days travelling all over his county of Cork threatening one and all with torture if they didn't give up the demon drink. In this pursuit he was exceptionally successful... so much so that he had to lay off most of his own employees who worked in his distillery from which he used to derive a very large income. This is a sad example of what is called "the curse of the O'Donovans".

01846 Size: (w) 4 3/4" x (h) 7 5/8"

For the full exploits of Connor O'Donovan turn to page 38.

Collectors News

RETIREMENT NEWS ■ COLLECTORS GALLERY ■ GUILD NEWS

Bargains still around

We heard a few weeks ago from a lucky Guild Member in the UK who was fortunate enough to find a Castle Keep by David Winter for sale in a shop in the South of England. She was able to purchase the piece for just £22. Later the same day she sold it for an undisclosed four-figure sum!

She must have the Midas touch, for the same person also found a Crown Inn from the Tiny Series recently — for £5.

Change of address

Have you moved home recently? Or are you moving soon? Please don't forget to inform your Guild Office of your new address!

Geographical error

Our apologies to Virginia and John Rybolt whom we featured in the last issue of Cottage Country (No.22). We stated that "from their 13th floor porch they can look out across the Atlantic Ocean and see dolphins and manatees playing in the warm waters." This is of course impossible as they live in Fort Myers on the west coast of Florida which overlooks the Gulf of Mexico. The Atlantic Ocean is a hundred miles further east!

Change of country

The David Winter Collectors Guilds in Europe, USA, Canada and Australia are all regarded as separate Guilds. So if you move from one part of the world to another we will have to transfer your membership from one Guild Office to another.

For example, if you live in Germany and are about to move to the USA, your membership must be transferred from our UK Guild Office at Eggars Hill to the US Guild Office in Houston. All you need to do is write to your current Guild Office (in this example, Eggars Hill) and inform them of your new address and the date from which it will apply. We will do the rest by informing your new Guild Office and transferring your membership automatically.

There is no charge for transferring Guild Membership.

Please let us know of any intended moves as early as possible in order that Guild correspondence can be directed to the correct address at the correct time.

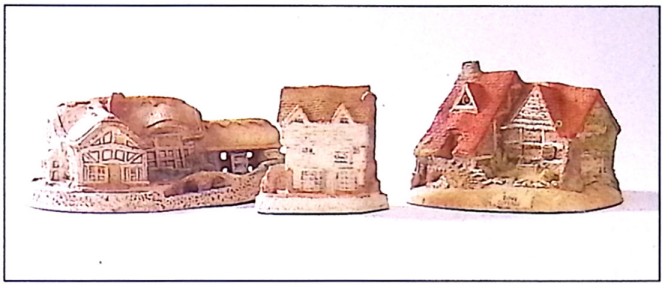
If you are moving soon and wish to redeem special Guild pieces, please wait until after your move to do so and place an order through your new stockist. All orders will be honoured by John Hine Studios up to and including 31st December 1992.

Unusual cottages unearthed

Two avid David Winter collectors had a lucky find earlier this year at an antiques fair near their home in Middlesex. Sally and Stuart (who asked not to be named fully) came across a set of early pieces being sold at prices not very far from their original issue prices. Understandably they snapped them up! The collection contained some unusual and interesting examples of David's very early work including Dove Cottage, Mill House (restyled), The Forge, Three Ducks Inn, Little Mill and early versions of Market Street and The Winemerchant.

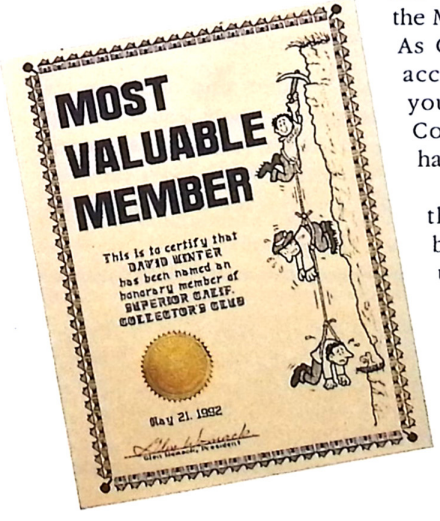
The Winemerchant they discovered has the original weatherboarding before it was changed to beamwork. Stuart showed it to David Winter at a promotion recently and he confirmed that it was one of only a few made with weatherboarding at that time. The Dove Cottage is also of interest as it has the lady and the dog in the alcove completely intact, which is quite rare. In contrast, Mill House has some tiny flaws caused by air bubbles, a perennial casting problem in the early days of David Winter Cottages. It may not be a perfect model but it is a fine example of the lovely soft colours that were favoured on the first pieces sculpted by David.

Stuart told us that he and Sally are interested only in adding to their collection and have no intention of selling these new acquisitions — one of the reasons why they prefer not to be named in Cottage Country.



Club honours David

During his recent West Coast Tour David Winter met up with many collectors whom he had seen during previous trips to the United States. Among them was Glen Womack, President of the Superior California Collector's Club, founded in 1990. Shortly after his return to England, David received in the post a Certificate of Honorary Membership and a Certificate for being the Most Valuable Member . As Glen explained in his accompanying letter: "If you hadn't sculpted the Cottages, we wouldn't have a club."


MOST VALUABLE MEMBER
This is to certify that DAVID WINTER has been named an honorary member of SUPERIOR CALIF. COLLECTOR'S CLUB
May 21, 1992

David would like to thank the SCCC for bestowing this honour upon him and wishes all its members well with their future club activities.

Ornament of the Year

John Hine Studios are proud to announce that A Christmas Carol was voted Ornament of the Year by the National Association of Limited Edition dealers, NALED, at this year's International Collectible Exposition held in South Bend, Indiana. John Hine collected the award at the NALED presentation ceremony and gave a speech which he thought David Winter himself might have made had he been there to receive it personally. He said: "Thank you".

A Christmas Carol – Ornament of the Year.

In addition to the Ornament of the Year award, David Winter was also voted Second Runner-Up as Artist of the Year (to Sam Butcher and Sandra Kuck) and Second Runner-Up for Figurine of the Year went to the 1991 Special Christmas piece, Fred's Home – "Merry Christmas, Uncle Ebenezer," said Scrooge's nephew Fred, "and a Happy New Year". (This piece also received another American award in June – Gift Creations Concepts' 'Collectible Option for 1991'.)

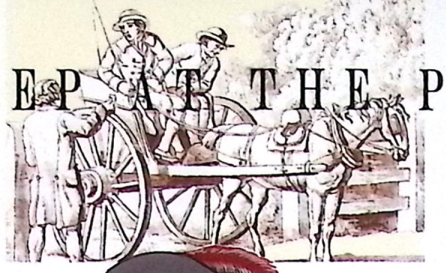
John Hine Studios received yet another Second Runner-Up award from NALED for Plate of the Year for A Christmas Carol, illustrated by Michael Fisher.

Collectors might also be interested to know that during a charity auction held after the presentation ceremony, an Audrey's Tea Room was sold for US$700 and a Mad Baron Fourthrite's Folly reached $550.

A Fictional David Winter

David Winter was fascinated to see himself fictionalised in a short story written by UK Guild Member Mathew Cowley from Maidstone, Kent. Mathew, aged 10, not only wrote the story but also illustrated the six chapters and presented it in bound book form. It's a most impressive piece of work, and exciting too; in his story Mathew blends making and delivering cottages with stolen money and a thrilling car chase, all set in and around Hassle Down Village. Unfortunately it's too long to print in Cottage Country, but we thought you might like to see one of the illustrations.

Well done, Mathew Cowley and congratulations on an original and extremely well presented story.



THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

England's only Civil War was actually a series of three wars that lasted a total of nine years. On one side was King Charles I (and later his son Prince Charles) and his Royalist supporters. Against them were those who wanted to be governed by Parliament as they were unhappy with the king's performance — they were called Roundheads because of the shape of their helmets and as the wars progressed a small businessman turned soldier emerged as their leader, Oliver Cromwell. It started in August 1642 when the King, Charles I, raised his standard at Nottingham and war was declared. Cities, towns, villages and even families were divided as people had to decide whether their loyalties lay with their King or with Parliament.

LEFT: ***A Royalist Pikeman***
A pike was 16 feet long and a formidable weapon for infantrymen. Here he is in 'charge' position for 'push of pike', when opposing pikemen clashed. As long as a row of pikemen kept their nerve and a tight formation, it was almost impossible for cavalry to penetrate their ranks, but at 'push of pike' one side or the other invariably broke and ran. In between them were musketeers, picking off the enemy from their protected position.

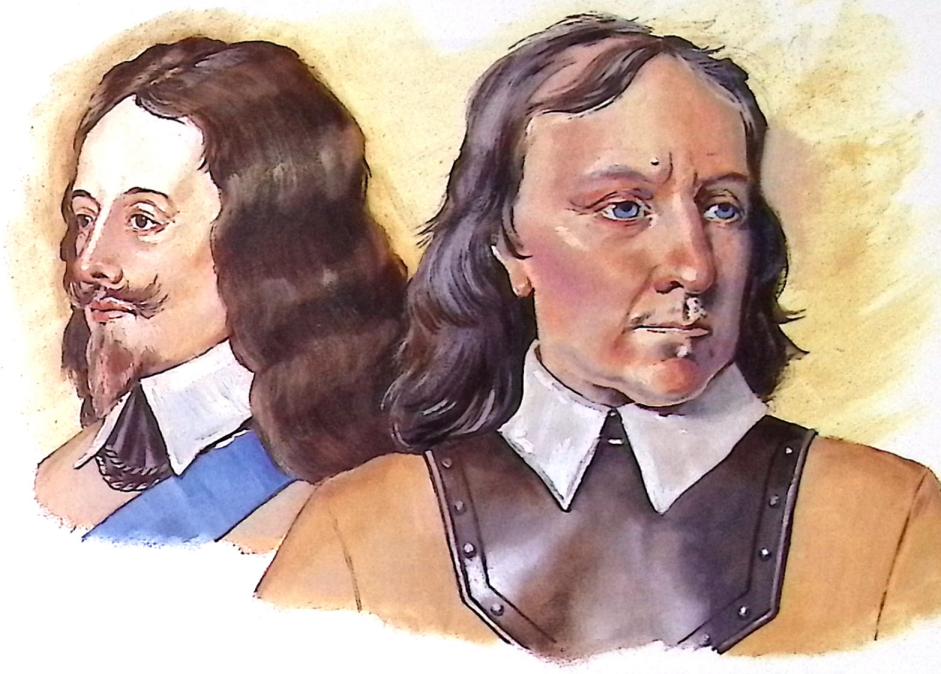
CONFLICT BETWEEN KING AND PARLIAMENT

Charles I came to the throne in 1625 as King of England, Scotland and Ireland with the firm belief that God had given him a divine right to rule. Almost immediately he came into conflict with his own Parliament and for eleven years (1629-40) he abolished it altogether because it would not agree to his demands. His popularity further waned during the 1630s when he imposed taxes in Parliament's absence which was illegal and seen as a direct attack on the liberties of the common people. There were religious problems, too; Protestants were worried that Catholics were gaining favour under Charles. Parliament returned in 1640 — on and off — but its relationship with the King was stormy and in January 1642 the King tried (but failed) to arrest five of his critics by marching with soldiers into the House of Commons. He thought they wanted to remove all his power and reduce him to a puppet ruler. Such outrageous behaviour forced Charles to flee from London and as the year went on the country drifted towards civil war as King and Parliament both rallied their military forces.

THE FIRST WAR

From August until October 1642 the two opposing armies manoeuvred their way around the English Midlands until they finally met at Edgehill, near Banbury in Oxfordshire, on 23rd October. By the end of a day's fighting no decisive winner materialised and both armies withdrew to lick their wounds. The King then marched on towards London which if he had taken it would probably have ended the war there and then. But at Turnham Green — to the east of London — 24,000 Roundheads repulsed him and he retreated to Oxford.

The war then developed into a series of regional conflicts with Parliament doing well in southern and central England and the Royalists controlling most other areas. In July the King captured the port of Bristol which was a huge advantage as both sides were short of arms and they could be shipped in from abroad. Royalists did well throughout 1643, winning battles at Adwalton Moor in Yorkshire, Lansdown near Bath and Roundway in Wiltshire, although a battle at Newbury, like Edgehill, was indecisive.



ABOVE: ***The Protagonists***
King Charles I (left) and Oliver Cromwell. Charles was an unpopular king, a suspicious and secretive man who believed that God had sent him to rule Britain. Most of the problems that caused civil war to erupt were of his own making and even after defeat in battle he refused advice and determined to have his own way. As the King's fortunes declined, those of Cromwell soared. In 1642 he was a captain of horse but he was a brilliant general and by 1653 he had become ruler of England. In 1657, with Charles I dead and the Monarchy supposedly abolished, he almost accepted the title of King Oliver I, but refused and settled for 'Lord Protector' instead. After his death in 1658, Britain slid rapidly back towards its Royal tradition. The experiment was over.

Then Parliament made a treaty with the Scots which brought 20,000 extra troops onto their side. The first half of 1644 saw a gradual royalist collapse with defeats in the north and south of England. It culminated on 2nd July in the biggest battle ever to take place on British soil, at Marston Moor in Yorkshire. Oliver Cromwell and the Scots were victorious and the King lost the North.

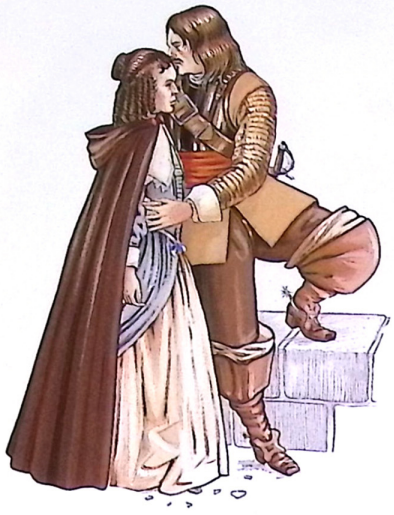
A military reorganisation of the Parliament forces in 1645 led to the creation of the New Model Army, with Sir Thomas Fairfax as general and Oliver Cromwell second-in-command. Its efficiency was demonstrated at the battle of Naseby in June when the King was utterly defeated, losing all his infantry, all his guns and most of his baggage train. Other defeats followed and Charles eventually surrendered to the Scots near Newark and taken prisoner in May 1646. Two months later peace terms were given to the King by Parliament and the Scots.

OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP: ***The King's Men - Royalist Soldiers 1642.***
Royalists (also known as Cavaliers) were drawn from all classes but were primarily those who benefited from Royal privilege — landowners, townsmen, farmers and the aristocracy. More than 1,000 noblemen took up arms in defence of the King and about a quarter were killed. At the front is a Royalist officer: note the boots turned down to 'bucket top' and the bold sash which identifies him distinctly in battle as a Cavalier. The drum was used for signalling commands in battle — it was a responsible job and Civil War drummers were usually men and not boys. Talking to the camp follower is a cavalry trooper carrying a wheel-lock carbine and with a broadsword attached to his leather sash (a baldrick). On the right is a musketeer with a rest to steady the gun for more accurate firing. In his shoulder bag are cartridges and at his side a flask of priming powder.

THE SECOND WAR

In March of the following year (1647) the Scottish army returned home and Parliament, faced with a financial crisis, decided to pay off the New Model Army. But the soldiers refused to disband without being paid in full for their services and until a fair settlement had been reached with Charles. Army leaders were carrying more and more weight and with the support of their allies in Parliament put forward their own peace terms.

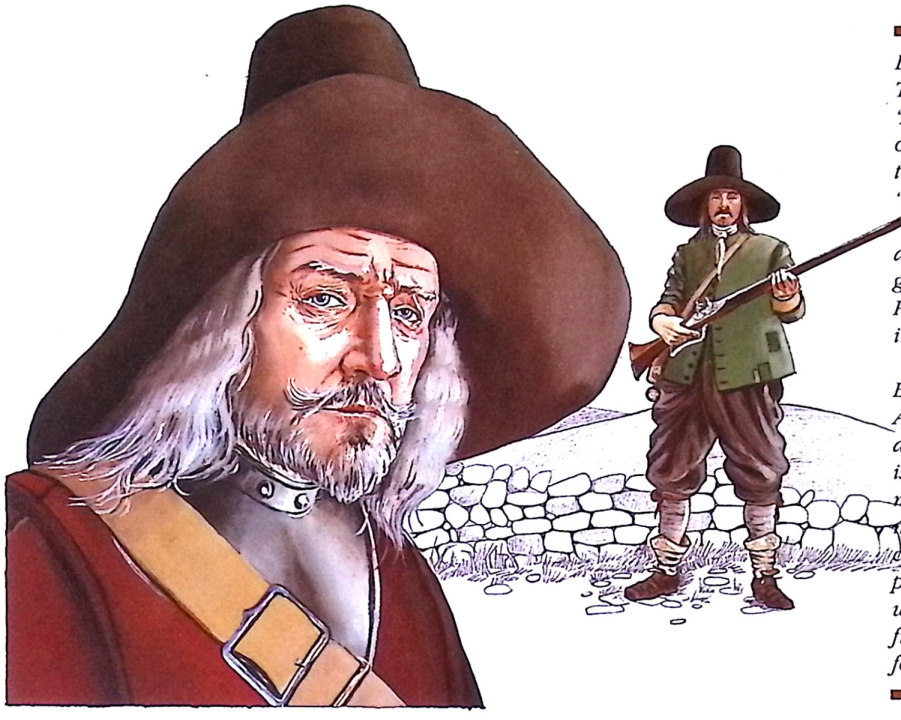
Meanwhile, whilst imprisoned at Carisbrook on the Isle of Wight, the King was plotting and negotiating secretly. He managed to persuade the Scots to change sides, thus opening up the possibility of renewed warfare. Starting in March 1648 Royalist rebellions took place over the next few months in Wales, Kent and East Anglia — and the Scots marched south. But none of them was a match for the well-organised and disciplined New Model Army which soon crushed the rebellions. The Scots were defeated in battle at Preston, Lancashire.



At the end of the year events moved rapidly. On 6th December, army leaders arrested 70 Members of Parliament ('Pride's Purge') and prevented more than 100 more from taking their rightful seats because they refused to sit in judgment of the King. Then on 6th January 1649 what remained of Parliament (called the Rump) set up a High Court of Justice with 135 judges and Charles was brought before it. He refused to accept its

LEFT: ***Bitter Farewell***
A Parliamentarian soldier says goodbye — perhaps forever — to his wife. He is a cavalry officer in the army of the Earl of Essex, first Lord General of the Parliamentary forces. Lack of resources was a regular problem and Essex complained: "The enemy's chief strength being in Horse and this Army neither recruited with Horses nor arms, nor saddles, it is impossible to keep the country from being plundered."

BELOW: ***The 'Vile Dragoone'***
A dragoon was a mounted infantryman, a soldier who moved around on horseback but fought mainly on foot. This Parliamentarian dragoon is armed with a flintlock, which is shorter than a musket, and wears a simple soldier's coat, felt hat, knapsack, neckcloth and baldrick with sword. Dragoons were often used as scouts and for foraging and had a reputation for looting. Here he is making off with a ham and other food stolen from a helpless civilian.



LEFT: ***Irregulars***
These are men who were known as 'Moorlands', a band of guerrillas who operated in the north of Staffordshire during the Civil Wars under their own elected leader. 'The Grand Juryman.' They were described as vile dragooners armed with pieces of scythes and birding guns.' They were part of a larger group called Levellers who fought for Parliament, although there were many such irregular bands on both sides.

BELOW: ***New Model Army - 1645***
A young musketeer — a mere boy of fifteen — at camp after the battle at Naseby. His musket is a matchlock; as the war progressed shorter muskets were used which did not require a musket-rest, although this lad would almost certainly need one! From his bandoleer hang powder flasks ('apostles') and he is also armed with a 'hanger' (sword). Men ranging in age from 12 to 60 were 'pressed' into service as foot soldiers.

right to try him but was nevertheless sentenced to death for "having levied war against his kingdom and the Parliament." Three days later, on 30th January, wearing two shirts so that the crowd did not mistake shivering from cold for shivering with fear, the King stepped onto the scaffold at Whitehall. His last words were: "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world." He was then beheaded with a single axe blow and his head held up by the executioner for all to see.

The next month both the Monarchy and the House of Lords were abolished as being "useless, burdensome and dangerous."

THE THIRD WAR

Without a King the Rump Parliament took the government of the country into its own hands and declared England to be a Commonwealth and a Free State. These were turbulent times and opposition to this state of affairs was rife.

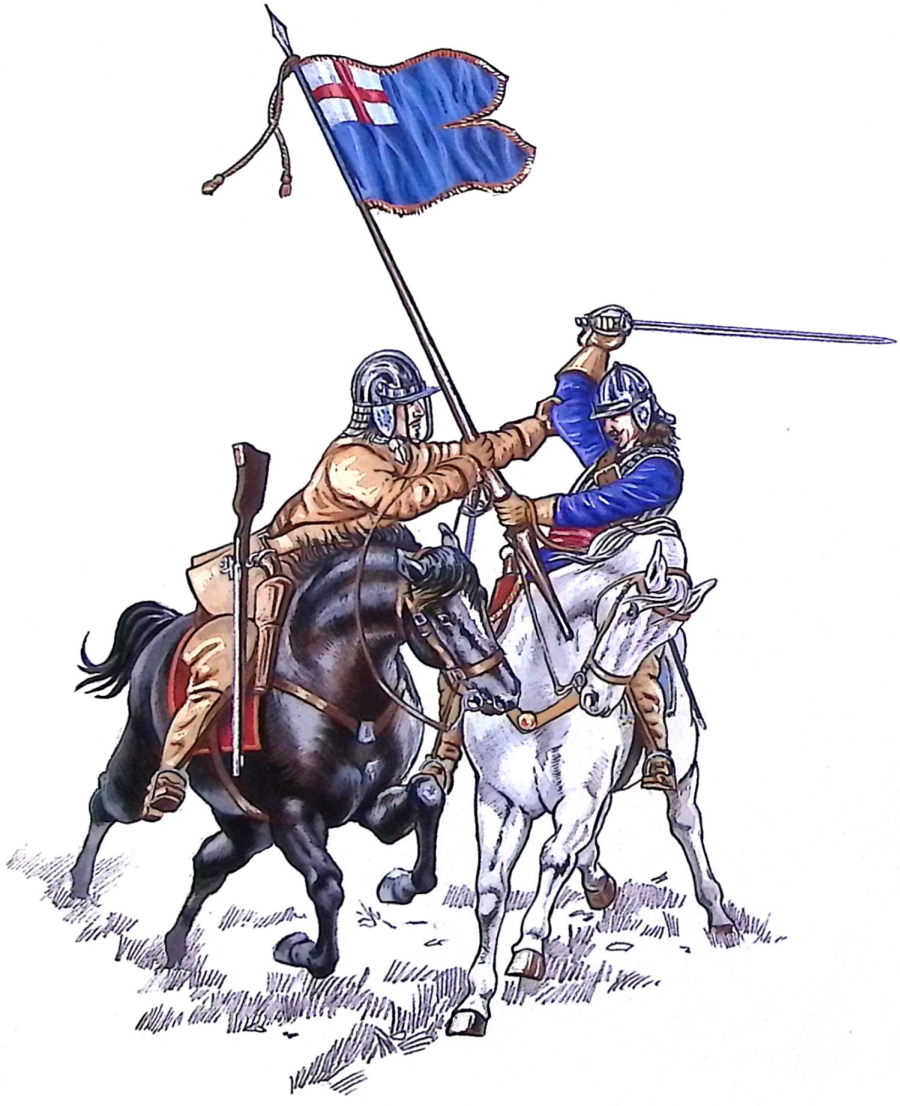
Extremists in the army (known as 'Levellers') wanted nothing less than a Republic and, dissatisfied with the results of the Civil War, rose in rebellion against the Commonwealth and other army generals. But Cromwell and Fairfax soon defeated them and their leaders were executed.

In Ireland English Royalists (who were mainly Protestant) refused to accept the Commonwealth and joined forces with Irish Catholics. Oliver Cromwell took charge of the situation personally and suppressed the rebellion with great brutality; at Drogheda alone he stormed the garrison and put all 3,000 to the sword.

The Scots were particularly appalled at the King's execution and proclaimed his Prince Charles to be the new King. Charles returned from exile to Scotland but resolved to try and claim England as his rightful domain. He marched south with an army and managed to evade Cromwell and his men until he had reached Worcester. In the ensuing battle, Prince Charles was defeated in what Cromwell described as "the crowning mercy" of the whole war. Charles, after numerous adventures, made his way to Brighton and escaped on a boat to France.

Thus the wars ended and England was governed by Parliament as a Commonwealth with Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector until his death in 1658. But with no strong leader to take his place, strong Royalist feelings resurged and a resolution was passed to restore the old form of government and the Monarchy. In 1660, Prince Charles returned to England as King Charles II.

RIGHT: ***Musketeer***
A New Model Army musketeer reloads. To fire the matchlock musket, a length of slow-burning 'match' was thrust into a pan of gunpowder at the breech, producing a small explosion which set off the main charge in the barrel. The most common missile was a lead ball weighing a few ounces. Reloading took time and musketeers fired in alternate ranks to keep up a steady onslaught — as long as their ammunition held out.



LEFT: ***Capturing the Colours***
A Parliamentarian trooper (left) battles with a Royalist 'cornet' (2nd lieutenant) for a 'guidon', the regimental standard. Both soldiers wear a lobster pot helmet, the Royalist having a single bar 'nasal-guard'. The trooper has the triple bar visor usually associated with Roundheads, though it was in fact worn by both sides. The 'cornet' is armed with a sword and pistols, but officers rarely carried a carbine, giving the Roundhead a distinct advantage.

OPPOSITE PAGE: ***Siege***
With towns and strategic buildings well fortified, sieges were far more common than battles (During 1645 and 1646 the New Model Army reported 11 field battles and 55 sieges). Here, during a lull in the fighting, Cavaliers manhandle a captured cannon into their stronghold. Once the attackers had breached the defences and the siege was almost over, it was customary to offer the defenders the chance to surrender and march away. But if they refused, few prisoners were taken during the ensuing rout.

DAVID WINTER'S WEST COAST TOUR

This year David Winter spent part of April and early May travelling through Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, Utah and Washington, visiting stores, meeting collectors and signing cottages ... not to mention experiencing an earthquake and narrowly missing a riot!

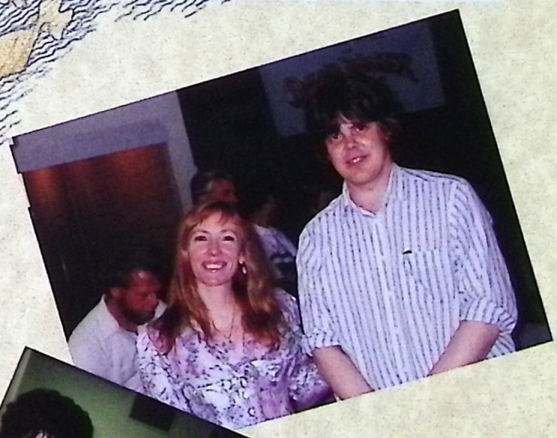
The tour started on 17th April at Casa Grande, Arizona, and ended on 10th May in Bellevue, Washington. Signing sessions were arranged for Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays and during the week David travelled around visiting stores at a variety of locations. "It was a lot of travelling," he told us, "but I enjoyed it and didn't find it too tiring, although I was feeling weary by the time we reached the last location at Bellevue."

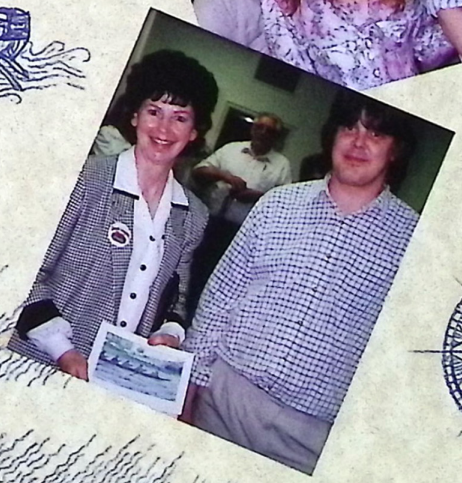
From start to finish there were twelve signing sessions. Fortunately at the first venue, Casa Grande, the tables where collectors could unbox their cottages for signing were organised in a square and David discovered that if he stood inside the square and walked around he could sign pieces much quicker than by sitting at a desk. It meant that lines or queues moved more freely and he could talk for longer with collectors. The system was so successful it was adopted for the rest of the tour and will be used for future signings whenever possible.

David said, "I liked the idea very much. It got me away from sitting behind a table for long periods and the atmosphere was much more relaxed. We have had problems in the past with long lines of collectors waiting and I think this will help enormously."

During the tour, what sort of questions were you asked? we asked. "One of the most common questions is, 'Do I get writer's cramp?' The answer is no — I can carry on signing as long as time permits. It's never been a problem."

And the strangest question? "A lady asked me if it was





true that David Winter Cottages had had something to do with the break up of Prince Andrew's marriage to Fergie. I could tell by her tone of voice that she really didn't believe it herself . . . and I think I just laughed that one off."

One evening in Ontario, California (at 9.50pm to be precise), David was relaxing in his hotel room — reading the last page of a novel. Suddenly the whole building started to move and shudder. He knew immediately it was an earthquake and, stopping only to pick up his pipe, went into the corridor expecting to see hoards of people rushing towards the exits. But there was just one other man, looking puzzled. By Californian standards it was a mild tremour (6.1 on the Richter Scale, he found out later), not enough to bother those familiar with such things. David went outside, smoked his pipe for five minutes and then nervously returned to his room.

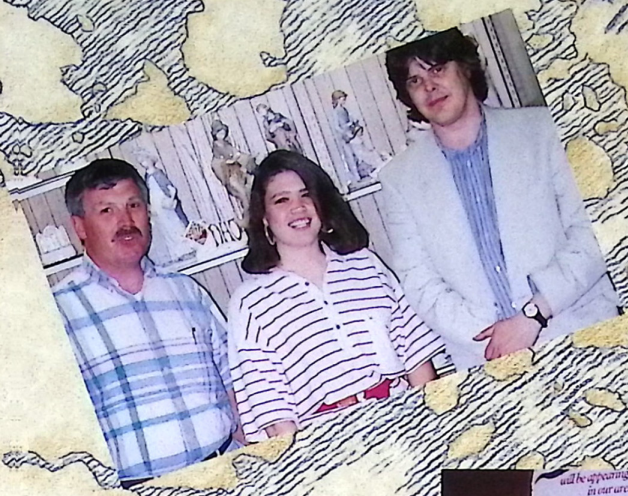
There were no signings planned for Los Angeles but David did visit several stores there during the last week in April. Days later the city was in turmoil as riots broke out and stores were fired and looted. Fortunately he was further up the West Coast by then, in the San Francisco area and out of harm's way.

Finally to Bellevue and a presentation by the Pacific Northwest David Winter Collectors Club. The President, James Howton, presented David with a framed photograph of Seattle as a momento of the visit. Mr Howton and Tom Darbyshire also sang some songs with lyrics written especially for the occasion; of course, cottages featured heavily in the words!

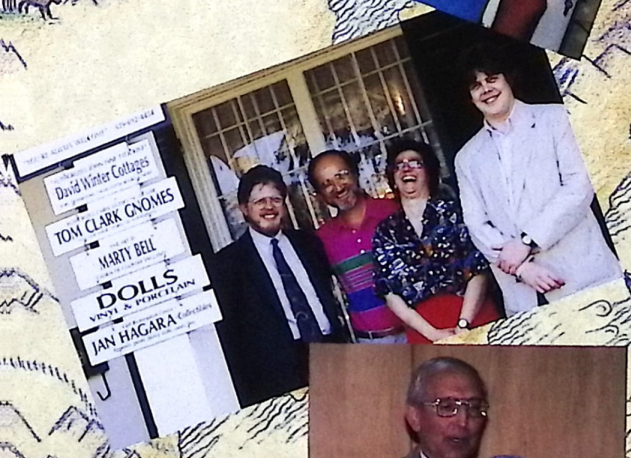
"I actually received many souvenirs and notes from people throughout the tour and I would like to thank them all for their kindness. I am slowly getting round to replying as and when I can . . . but there are so many! One of the most magnificent was a shirt covered with hundreds of signatures from everywhere we went. I must remember not to wash it!"

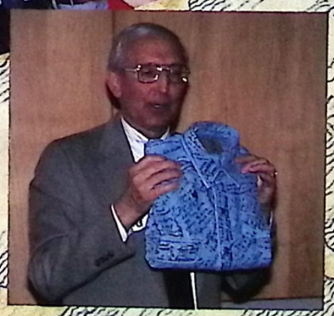
He added: "The other valuable thing I brought back with me was feedback — comments and suggestions from the collectors themselves. I'm already responding to this in my work, as Guild members will see in due course. The trip has benefited me enormously as I now have some up-to-date, first-hand reaction to what I have been sculpting recently . . . and where to go from here."

Approximately 30,000 signatures later (on cottages, buttons [badges to we Brits!] and certificates), David flew straight back to Ireland for a well earned rest — and to do something about all those splendid suggestions from collectors . . .



and be appearing in person
in our area!


David Winter Cottages
TOM CLARK GNOMES
MARTI BELL
DOLLS
VINYL & PORCELAIN
JAN HAGARA Collectibles



Width: 5" Height: 6 3/4"

Special piece for Christmas 1992

Scrooge's School

...wherein young Ebenezer learnt more about loneliness and grief than Latin and Greek.

Schooldays are supposed to be the happiest days of your life – but Ebenezer Scrooge would disagree, for it was during his time at school that his miserly character was truly formed.

In Charles Dickens' story *A Christmas Carol*, the Ghost of Christmas Past takes Scrooge back in time to relive an incident at his school. The building is described by Dickens as "poorly furnished, cold and vast" with "an earthy savour in the air, a chilly bareness in the place." The ghost and old Scrooge see " ... a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he used to be."

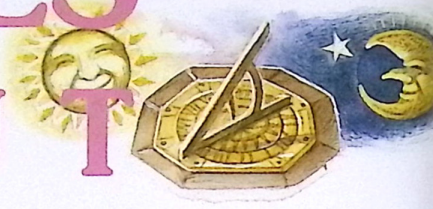
Young Scrooge has been abandoned at school to spend Christmas alone, whilst all the other boys have gone home for the holidays. His despair is lifted by the arrival of his sister, Little Fan, who tells him that their father has finally relented and allowed Ebenezer to return home for Christmas. She puts her arms round his neck, kisses him and addresses him as "Dear, dear brother." The reason for the rift between father and son is not explained, but Scrooge senior must have been a severe parent to behave this way, and to relent only "finally"; no doubt a fundamental cause of Ebenezer's rapidly developing personality.

This incident is at the core of Scrooge's meanness and addiction to money – Scrooge himself recognised this fact as soon as he saw the schoolroom again, which is why he wept. It also marks the beginning of his cure. As he grew up without the love and trust of people, so he sought solace in material things and his miserliness gradually blocked out all feelings of humanity and generosity. Little Fan is the only person in the story to show Scrooge any affection and even she is taken away from him when she dies at a young age (though not before giving birth to Scrooge's nephew Fred).

This is the inspiration behind David Winter's 1992 Christmas sculpture. Although it is a sad part of the story, he has not made the piece too sombre, for the place was far worse in Scrooge's mind than in reality. And apart from young Ebenezer, Christmas would have been a merry time for the other pupils as they prepared to leave for home.

David Winter's Special Piece for Christmas 1992 will be retired on 31st December 1992 when all moulds will be destroyed.

NO RHYMES WITHOUT REASON



In all the world, it's hard to imagine anything more innocuous than a children's nursery rhyme, such as "Ring-a-ring o' roses" or "London Bridge is falling down." Yet most nursery rhymes were not written originally for children but for the amusement of adults – and beneath these innocent words there sometimes lie dark meanings, explicit symbolism and tales of theft, murder and even human sacrifice ...

The sinister truth behind nursery rhymes

MANSEL COLLECTION

MARY EVANS

Ring-a-ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies,
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all fall down.

RING-A-RING O' ROSES

MARY EVANS

This simple little rhyme is actually all about the Black Death, the pandemic plague which swept through Asia and Europe in the Middle Ages. Each line represents a progression of the illness. The "ring o' roses" (line 1) was an early symptom – a rosy-coloured rash on the skin. This would have the unfortunate victim desperately clutching posies of herbs (line 2) wherever they went as these were thought to have preventative and curing properties. Unfortunately the chances of survival were virtually non-existent and a final, fatal symptom was sneezing (line 3), with the inevitable result that the victim fell down (line 4) and never got up again.

Before it had run its course, the Black Death killed off the equivalent of the entire population of Great Britain today – approximately fifty million people.

As with most nursery rhymes, "Ring-a-ring o' roses" is accompanied by a melody and a game or dance with actions. In the nineteenth century, the "all fall down" became a gracious curtsy, and in order to rise to your feet again, a second verse developed which is now hardly ever heard:

The cows are in the meadow,
Lying fast asleep,
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all get up again.

MARY EVANS

ABOVE: David Winter visited Banbury Cross recently when he popped in to see Carole Walker (see Meeting Collectors) who has lived in and around Banbury all her life.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

The "fine lady upon a white horse" probably represents the Earth Goddess who in pagan rituals is sometimes personified by a young girl decked in leaves and flowers during spring fertility celebrations. Riding to the cross on a May morning would be a way of showing respect and gratitude for the rebirth of life. To this day, rings on fingers denote rank and dignity, and in medieval times it was fashionable for respected ladies to wear small bells on the end of their shoes.

A "cock-horse" has several meanings. Not only is it a child's hobby horse but it was also the name given to a spare horse stationed at the bottom of steep hills to help pull coaches to the top. To "ride a cock-horse" in medieval days was also a description for two people riding on one horse, such as a knight with his lady on a pillion. Nobody seems to know which of these definitions is intended in the rhyme.

The Oxfordshire town of Banbury is world famous thanks to the nursery rhyme which mentions its name. But for many years Banbury didn't have a cross at all. Its pagan associations were too much for Puritan townsfolk at the end of Queen Elizabeth I's reign; in 1601 they attacked it and, according to an eye-witness, "in a furious zeal tumultuously assailed the cross ... and so defaced it that scarcely left one stone standing upon another." Then in 1859 a new cross was finally erected in celebration of the marriage of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter to Prince Frederic of Prussia – and it still stands today.

Unfortunately the cross was positioned at the busy junction of two major roads and has created traffic problems ever since. (Even in 1859 gas lamps had to be fitted to it to stop people riding their carts into it at night.) Threats to remove it have been constant and in 1927 the Chicago Herald appealed to American children to write to the Mayor of Banbury promising to visit the town if the cross was kept. Even now, visitors from America still occasionally arrive in Banbury to fulfil their promise, more than sixty years later. Such is the influence of a simple nursery rhyme.

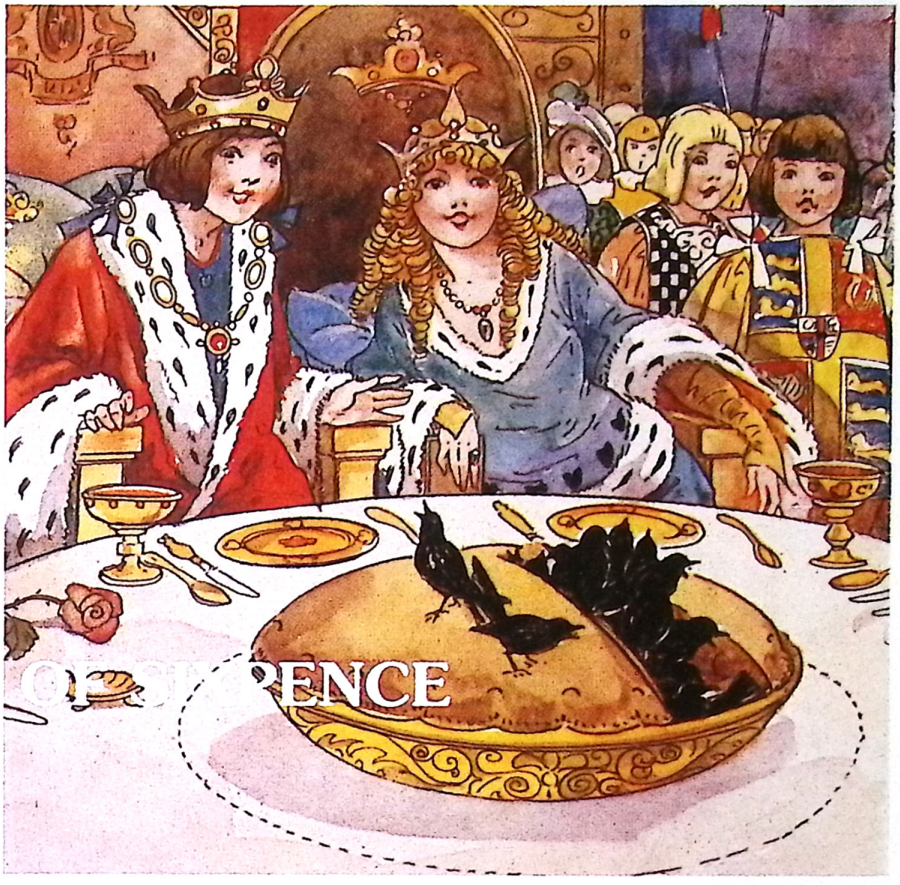
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

SING A SONG

There are all sorts of theories as to the meaning of this famous rhyme. Some say that the twenty-four blackbirds are the hours of the day and that the king and queen represent the sun and moon. Others claim that the king is Henry VIII and that the blackbirds are the choirs of the Monasteries which he closed down and acquired under the pretext that they harboured wickedness and immorality. They are singing to their king and offering a "pocketful of rye" in tribute at a time when their future seemed very uncertain (a 'pocket' is a sack used for storing grain). If the king is Henry, then the queen is Catherine of Aragon and the maid Anne Boleyn, waiting in the wings to become queen herself as soon as Henry has sorted out his troublesome divorce. Perhaps her nose is pecked off in retribution for her sins, for she was expecting a child before their marriage.

In total contrast, another theory is that the rhyme celebrates the printing of the English Bible. The blackbirds are the letters of the alphabet which are "baked in a pie" in that they are combined together to form the words in the book.

MARY EVANS



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

Trapping live birds inside a pie is a trick which dates back centuries. A sixteenth century Italian cookery book includes a recipe "to make pies so that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut up." Two hundred years later, the Duke of Bolton's cook, John Nott, describes a similar technique in England. The intention, he says, was that the flapping of the birds wings as they escaped would blow out the candles and cause "a diverting hurley-burley amongst the guests in the dark."

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

It was also common to hide other things inside pies in times gone by, which brings us onto the legend of Little Jack Horner ...

ABOVE LEFT: Henry VIII, prime candidate for the king in Sing a Song of Sixpence – although Mad Baron Fourthrite has another theory as to its origins, claiming that it celebrates the food tasting exploits of his great grandfather, Baron Firstrite!

MARY EVANS

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner, Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, And pulled out a plumb,
And said, What a good boy am I!

Legend has it that Richard Whiting, last Abbot of Glastonbury, wished to appease Henry VIII at the time of the dissolution of the Monasteries. So he sent his steward, Jack Horner, to London with a Christmas gift for the king – a pie in which were hidden the title deeds of twelve manors. But they didn't all reach London, for on the journey Jack Horner is said to have opened the pie and stolen the deeds of the manor of Mells, a tiny village in Somerset. Historical evidence seems to confirm this for a Thomas Horner did take up residence at Mells at this time, in the year 1543, and his descendants still live there to this day. Mells Manor is the home of Lord Oxford, grandson of the last Horner, Sir John, who died in 1927.

It's a neat story, but in fact the rhyme dates back before the sixteenth century and appears to have been tagged onto the Horners of Mells because the circumstances happened to fit. Lord Oxford even has the proof that there is no connection – the royal grant of 1543 showing that Sir Thomas Horner purchased Mells from Henry VIII for approximately £1,831. And as his archivist, Michael McGarvie points out: "The legal system in those days was highly sophisticated. One could not purloin the deeds of a property. In any case, Mells having belonged to Glastonbury for a thousands years there were no deeds as such to hide in a pie." Oh well. So much for that theory!

COCK A DOODLE DOO!

Cock a doodle doo! My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddling stick, And knows not what to do.

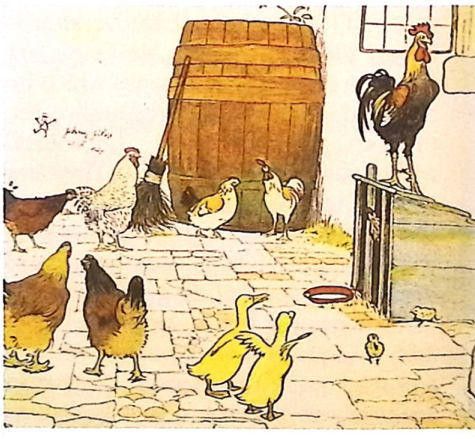
By uttering the words of this ancient rhyme, a young child helped to convict two people of a savage murder in the days of Queen Elizabeth I. So infamous was the crime that a pamphlet was printed containing all the gory details. It was called: The Most Cruell And Bloody Murder committed by an Innkeeper's Wife, Annis Dell, and her Son, George Dell, Four Years since.

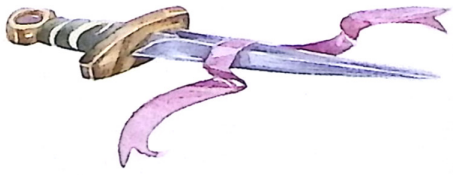
For a reason which is unknown, Annis Dell and her son George murdered a three year old boy called Anthony James in the Hertfordshire town of Bishop's Hatfield. It was a vicious killing which was overseen by Anthony's sister, Besse, who was then aged four. To prevent her from talking, the callous murderers cut out the girl's tongue "hard by the rootes".

Little Besse must have left the area for she wasn't seen again in Bishop's Hatfield for several years. Then she suddenly reappeared; but of course she could not tell anyone where she had been. Someone recognised her as the sister of the murdered boy and Besse was placed in the hands of a foster mother. One day whilst playing in a park, the foster mother's real daughter was singing "Cock a doodle doo!" and teasing Besse for not being able to sing it too. To her astonishment, the girl with no tongue suddenly opened her mouth and sang the rhyme. She had miraculously found her voice again.

Besse was taken to the house of the local judge, Sir Henry Butler, and told him everything she had seen on the day her brother was murdered. As a direct result, Annis and George Dell were tried and convicted of murder.

MARY EVANS





Moneylending and its sinister repercussions are the theme of "Oranges and Lemons" and the bells belong to some of the great churches in and around the City of London. St. Clement's is St. Clement Danes in The Strand, the central church of the Royal Air Force in front of which now stand two statues by Faith Winter – Lord Dowding and the recently unveiled Sir Arthur Harris. St. Martin's is St. Martin's Lane in the City where moneylenders used to live and work.

"When will you pay me?" is no coincidence for the bells of Old Bailey, for not only is this the site of the Central Criminal Court of England but it is also close to where Fleet prison once stood – where debtors were sent. Shoreditch and Stepney are old churches which once stood just outside the city walls, and Bow is St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside – the bells of which supposedly called to Dick Wittington to "turn again, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

As for the ominous last line, it reflects the days when you could lose your life for a crime which nowadays seems relatively mild – debt. Ironically, in the days of public execution, condemned men were led through the streets of London to the tolling of the very church bells mentioned in the rhyme.

TOP: St Clement Danes in The Strand, London, the bells of which pealed (or should it be peeled!) Oranges and Lemons. In front of the church today stand two statues by Faith Winter.

MARY EVANS

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

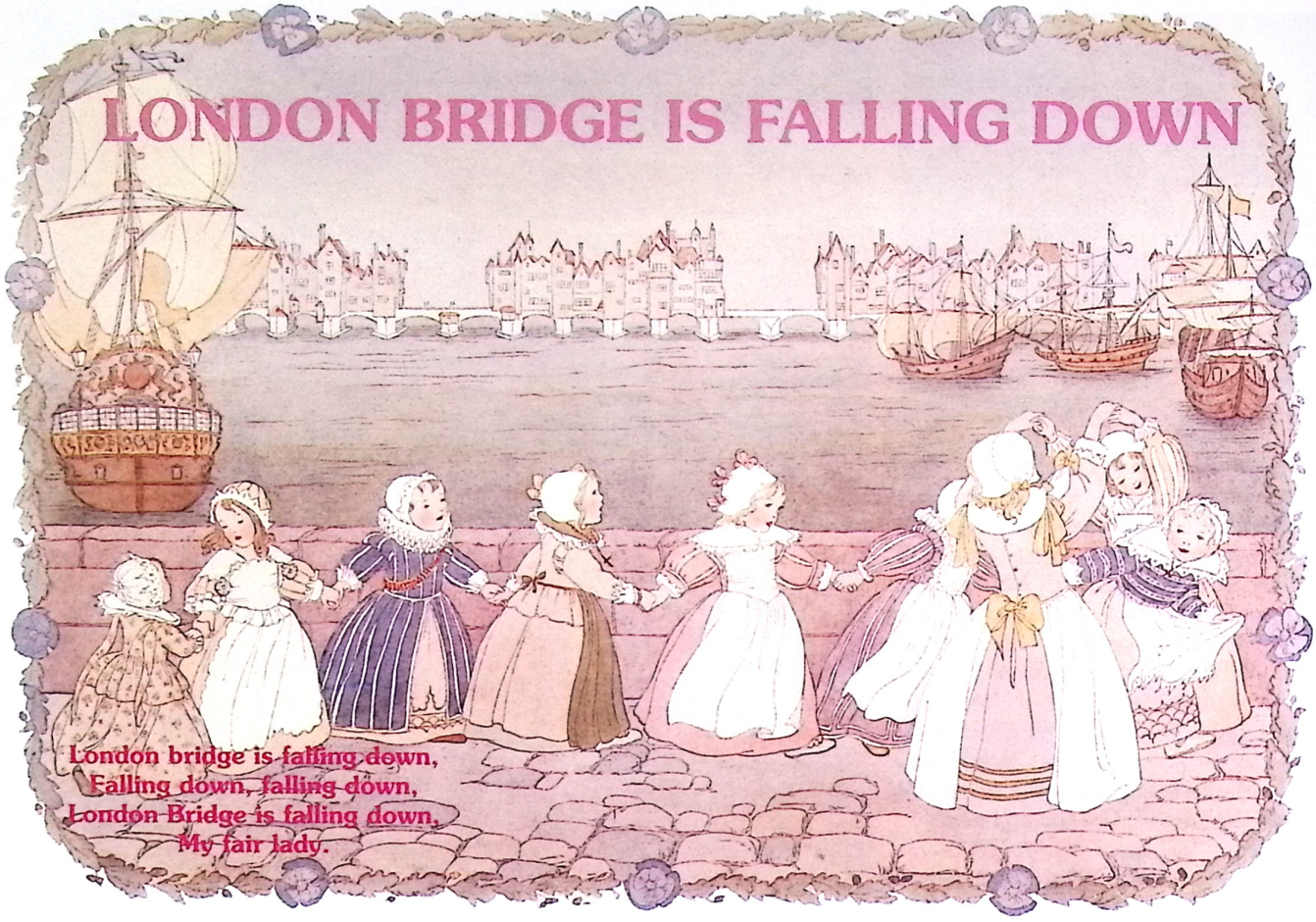
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed.
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN



London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Wood and clay, wood and clay,
Build it up with wood and clay,
My fair lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Wash away, wash away,
Wood and clay will wash away,
My fair lady.

Build it up with bricks and mortar,
Bricks and mortar, bricks and mortar,
Build it up with bricks and mortar,
My fair lady.

Bricks and mortar will not stay,
Will not stay, will not stay,
Bricks and mortar will not stay,
My fair lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Iron and steel, iron and steel,
Build it up with iron and steel,
My fair lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Bend and bow, bend and bow,
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
My fair lady.

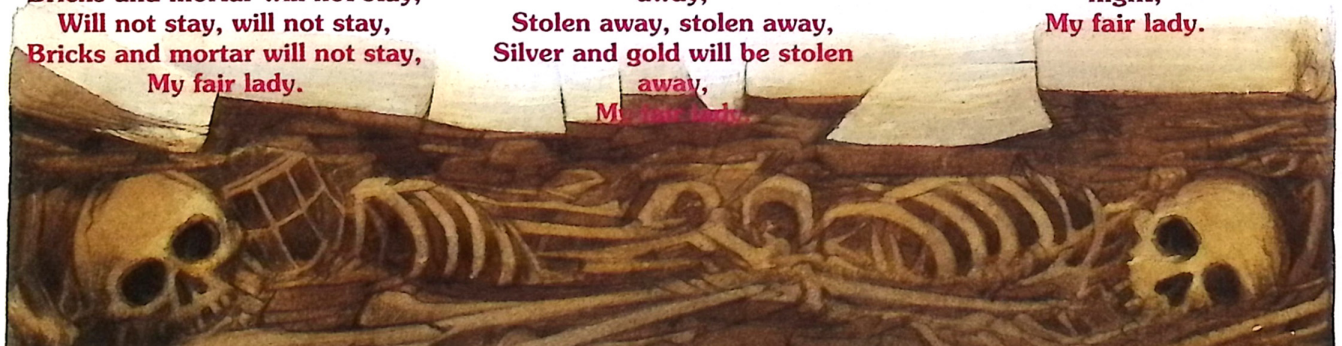
Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold,
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Stolen away, stolen away,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My fair lady.

Set a man to watch all night,
Watch all night, watch all night,
Set a man to watch all night,
My fair lady.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Fall asleep, fall asleep,
Suppose the man should fall asleep?
My fair lady.

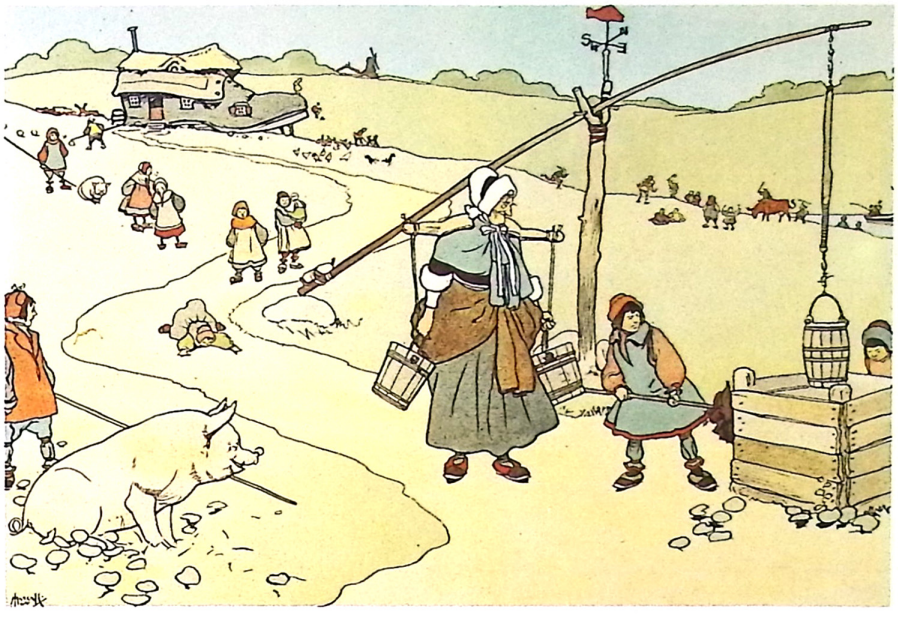
Give him a pipe to smoke all night,
Smoke all night, smoke all night,
Give him a pipe to smoke all night,
My fair lady.



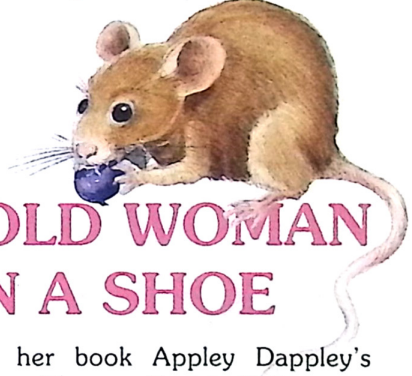
What do you do if a bridge keeps falling down despite every effort imaginable? There is a long tradition in many countries that the answer is to make a human sacrifice to the bridge, and that is what "London Bridge" is about – the "man to watch all night" is a person buried into the foundations as its eternal protector. (So stories of gangsters being dropped into wet cement and ending up as part of a flyover or road complex are nothing new!)

There are many tales of such goings-on. The bridge at Aryte in Greece is said to have kept falling down until the master-mason's wife was embedded in the foundations. And at Bremen in Germany, a child's skeleton was found walled into the Bridge Gate when it was demolished a century ago. In Brittany, France, attempts to complete a bridge at Rosporden repeatedly failed until a small boy was immured at the foot of it. Local legend tells that he was buried with a candle in one hand and a piece of bread in the other so that he might remain alive and vigilant – just like the "watchman" and his "pipe to smoke all night" in the London Bridge rhyme.

It's very unlikely that anyone is buried in the present London Bridge as it was only built this century. Its immediate predecessor, however, is a more likely candidate, although there were no reports of skeletons being found when the bridge was demolished and reerected in the United States – at Havasu City, Arizona – in the early 1970s. But the rhyme is very old and there have been numerous London Bridges over the centuries. Any one of them might have held a "man to watch all night" within its foundations.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them soundly and put them to bed.



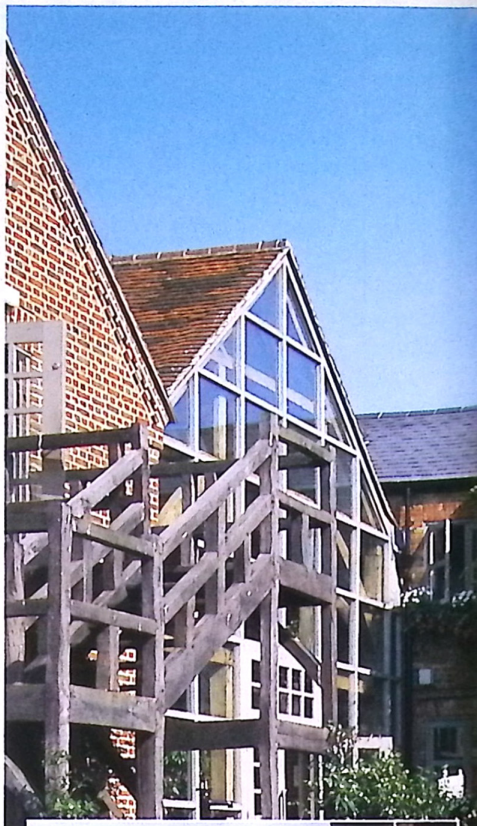
THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

Various candidates for the old woman with too many children have been suggested over the years. But there are two who are top of the list; King George II's wife Caroline who had 8 children, and Elizabeth Vergoose of Boston who had 6 of her own and 10 stepchildren. It has also been pointed out that the poet and writer of nursery rhymes Edward Lear might well have recommended his own mother – she had 21 children! The fact that this vast family lived in a shoe is bound to be symbolic. Shoes have long been associated with female fertility.

In her book Appley Dappley's Nursery Rhymes, Beatrix Potter gave her own solution to this puzzling family arrangement:

You know the old woman who lived in a shoe?
And had so many children she didn't know what to do?
I think if she lived in a little shoe-house
That little old woman was surely a mouse!

An Open Invitation to EGGARS HILL



Since we opened our doors to visitors five years ago, a large number of Guild Members from all over the world have enjoyed touring John Hine Studios at Eggars Hill. Hopefully many more of you will do so in the future and we offer an open invitation to you all to visit the home of David Winter Cottages.

The Studios stand on the outskirts of Aldershot, Hampshire, amidst elegant, award-winning courtyard gardens. On one side is the restored seventeenth century barn which houses our collection of David Winter Cottages, including a special display of the rare and early pieces. Also on display is the work of other John Hine Studios artists such as 'Mo' Wideman, Steve Kenyon, Malcolm Cooper, Christopher Lawrence and Janet King. The showroom is currently laid out like a medieval street with displays on either side.

Tours include a full explanation of how David Winter Cottages are made, with a demonstration of pieces in the current range being cast, fettled and painted. There is a small shop on the premises where mementos of the Studios can be purchased including collectables available exclusively to visitors in person. Opposite the barn is our tearoom where morning coffee or afternoon tea is served with our compliments overlooking the colourful gardens.

From Monday to Friday there is one tour daily commencing at 10.30 am or 2pm, and at weekends we offer a single tour at 1pm on either Saturday or Sunday. Please contact us in advance — by telephoning (0252) 334672 or writing to the address below — to check when tour times are scheduled and to book a convenient time to make your visit. Tours are free of charge to Guild Members and their families.

We look forward to welcoming you on your visit to Eggars Hill. For more information or to book a tour please contact:

Keith Mackenzie
John Hine Studios
2 Hillside Road
Eggars Hill
Aldershot
Hampshire
GU11 3NB

Scenes from Eggars Hill. Inset in the centre are our tour guides who look forward to welcoming you – (left to right) Simon Connolly, Tracy Crow and Tour Manager Keith Mackenzie.

The Bark Peeler

When soldiers of the Household Cavalry are on parade outside Buckingham Palace, they wear boots of the finest leather. Its quality stems from the way it was transformed from hide into leather at the tannery. One of the processes is to steep the hide in pits containing water and ground oak bark. Much of the bark comes from the Lake District and very probably from Bill Hogarth, one of a handful of traditional craftsmen remaining who earn a living as a bark peeler.

BILL HOGARTH is now in his sixties and has been a bark peeler all the forty-five years of his working life. He is a consummate woodman and can turn his hand to many other coppice skills such as making besoms, pegs, hurdles and shepherds' crooks (some of the crafts were featured in Cottage Country No. 18 – Summer '91). He started soon after the war and worked for his father who was a Coppice Wood Merchant, employing a small group of men.

In those days there were about thirty coppice woodmen in Bill's area but by the mid-1980s he was the only one remaining. However, a resurgence of interest in traditional crafts and woodland preservation in recent years has brought some new coppice woodmen to the Lake District. It has also kept Bill busy demonstrating his skills at county fairs – but although he can turn his hand to many things, bark peeling is the most profitable part of a coppice woodman's business.

OAK BARK FOR TANNING

COPPICING is the deliberate cultivation of small trees to give a plentiful supply of poles and branches. Numerous types of wood lend themselves to this treatment – ash, hazel, chestnut – but for tanning leather oak bark is required. The standing wood is purchased by Bill from the owner who may or may not put certain restrictions on what may be

cut. The oak coppice is cut when the sap starts to rise, usually between early May and the end of July.

The bark peeler then places one of the long thin oak trunks horizontally across two support poles, usually tree stumps with wood lashed to them to create a 'V', at a comfortable working height. With a special knife, he rings the bark at top and bottom, slits it along the entire length and 'oozes' it off in one unbroken piece. The rising sap makes this possible as the bark is not dry and therefore less likely to break.

Once cut the bark is stacked to dry in a pile known as a 'bark dess'. There it stays until the end of the cutting season when it is gathered together, tied in bundles and covered over to keep dry before sending to the tannery. In the days when bark peeling was a considerable rural industry, barn-like bark-houses – in which the bark was stored safe and dry – dotted the countryside. This is most important as any moisture seeping in could cause mildew.

A HOME IN THE WOODS

UP UNTIL the 1920s a coppice woodman lived in a small rough shelter during the bark peeling season. The base of the shelter was a circular dry stone wall with a fireplace at one end and an entrance opposite. On top of the wall a timber frame was built tapering to a point – rather like an Indian Wigwam – and covered in turf to keep out the weather. The remains of these huts can stil occasionally be found in wooded regions of the Lake District.

It was spacious enough for one person, but the woodman often used to live there with his entire family during the summer months – anything up to six people! Whilst he was cutting and peeling, his wife and children would help by peeling smaller branches or by making besoms (younger children gathered twigs and older members of the family bound them into brushes). One lady who was married to a bark

ABOVE: A close-up of bark being peeled away from the wood using a special knife. If the coppice wood is cut when the sap is rising then the bark can be 'oozed' off in one unbroken piece.
LEFT AND MAIN PICTURE RIGHT: Bill Hogarth at work in the Lake District. Notice the tree stumps used to support the coppice wood at a good working level.
INSET TOP: The remains of a bark peeler's primitive hut. During the season it could have been home for up to six people. This particular example is near Hawkshead.
INSET: MIDDLE AND BOTTOM: Bark stacked to dry in a bark dess. Bark-houses were also used and were a common feature in Lake District woodland areas.

peeler before the war remembers being expected to make thirty-six dozen (432) besoms a day, selling at a halfpenny a dozen.

Every scrap of bark was valuable and after a coppice pole had been cut, the tree stump was also stripped of bark, although this is not done nowadays. Every spare hand was needed; it was common for children to be absent from school during the bark peeling season and the familiar remark 'ABSENT BARKING' would be entered in the register.

TANNING AND TANNERIES

THESE DAYS tanning is invariably done by soaking a hide in chemical solutions – a method known as mineral tanning. For high-quality leather, however, vegetable tanning is used, and that's where the oak bark is so important. The tannin (or tannic acid) seeps very slowly through the pores of the hide, driving out the water and coating each fibre with preservative. The 'tan' is prepared by steeping the ground bark in water for a few days, pumping the liquid several times over fresh bark and then pouring it into a pit. The hide is soaked in the pit for a long time; for three months it is said to be 'hungry' or 'thirsty' for the 'tan', which has to be constantly renewed. There follows six months of being 'laid away' in strong tan before being hung up to drip and rollered dry.

A century ago there used to be dozens of tanneries in the Lake District – in 1850 northern Cumberland alone had thirty-three, producing 60,800 tanned hides a year. Gradually they died out as the length of the traditional curing process failed to compete with quicker chemical means. By 1910 there were just twelve: ten chemical tanneries and only two hand tanneries.

THE SKILLS LIVE ON

BILL HOGARTH sends all his bark to a tannery in Devon, one of the two hand tanneries remaining in Britain; the other is in Cornwall. Of course once the bark has been removed the coppice wood remains and this also provides a source of income. In times gone by most of this would have been sold to 'swill' or basket makers. There are only a few left today and much of Bill's wood now goes to rustic furniture makers. Another of Bill's customers is Stott Park Bobbin Mill, which has also been featured in Cottage Country (issue no. 20 – Winter '91).

Bill knew firsthand the previous generation of coppice woodmen who themselves had experienced the end of the heyday of bark peeling. Another was Jack Allonby, an old friend of Bill's. They lived and worked in the same area – Spark Bridge in the Crake Valley area of the Lake District. Jack spent nearly fifty years as a coppice woodman, like his father and his grandfather before him, until his death in 1984.

Retirement age approaches for Bill, but he has no intention of stopping his work so long as good health prevails. He enjoys his chosen profession and loves to share his knowledge with anyone who shows an interest in his craft. As well as the county shows he also gives courses on Coppice Woodland Management which are well attended. An increased awareness of woodland matters and a nostalgia for the past is keeping him more and more occupied these days.

MAIN PICTURE: Jack Allonby of Spark Bridge in the Crake Valley, an old friend of Bill Hogarth's and a fellow bark peeler who died in 1984. He spent fifty years working as a coppice woodman, like his father and grandfather before him.
TOP: A slab called the 'hogs back' at Rusland Tannery. Hides were stretched over this whilst being scraped clean.
MIDDLE & BOTTOM: Finest quality leather is used for the boots of the Household Cavalry.

Thanks to David Jones for all the photographs of bark peeling and for providing detailed information for this article.

When we asked one of our stockists in the English Midlands if they could recommend a collector to feature in Cottage Country, the answer came back without a moment's hesitation: : "Yes, Carole Walker from Banbury in Oxfordshire. She has a great collection and one of the finest displays I've ever seen."

Carole Walker

It all began back in October 1981. Carole was shopping in Warwick with her husband Malcolm and saw what they thought was a beautiful cottage — The Coaching Inn — in a shop. Malcolm in particular fell in love with the piece and would have purchased it on the spot had the price not been so high — £39.50 (high in those days!). So they went away, had a cup of coffee, mulled it over, went back to the shop . . . and bought the piece. But despite the name on the base label, they immediately rechristened their first piece The Courtyard . . . and in the Walker household it is still called The Courtyard to this day.

Two months later, just before Christmas, they saw David Winter Cottages for the first time in a shop in her home town. There were only a few on display and, because she liked them so much, she bought three. Carole keeps all her receipts and can even quote how much they cost: The Old Curiosity Shop — £11.50; The Forge — £11.75; Market Street — £9.95. Then Christmas arrived and with some gift money Carole purchased another three cottages — Mill House (remodelled), Tythe Barn and Rose Cottage.

Steadily the collection grew. Carole didn't buy every piece, only the ones she liked . . . but looking at her collection now it's clear that she liked most of them! Then in April 1987 her local stockist closed down, which was good and bad news. The bad news was that she had to look elsewhere to purchase new cottages; the good news was that in the first week of the closing down sale all David Winter Cottages were reduced by 10% — and in the second week by 20%! Carole's collection grew even more.

For two years only a few pieces were acquired, mainly as birthday and Christmas presents, until one Sunday in 1989 the Walkers were back in Warwick for the day. They had planned to look around the castle, but just as they arrived at the gates, so did five coach loads of tourists . . .and they decided to wander around the town instead. To their surprise a gift shop near the castle was open for business . . . and it had a splendid stock of David Winter Cottages. Carole also discovered that the early pieces she bought in the early eighties had appreciated in value beyond her wildest imagination. Ever since that day, trips to Warwick have been a regular occurrance.

But what of life beyond David Winter Cottages? Carole has a daughter, Nikki, who is fifteen, and a son, Ross, who is thirteen. She and Malcolm both enjoys gardening and walking and are active in raising money for charity. She also works part-time at the Redlands Centre in Banbury where she is in charge of the kitchens, working one-to-one with people with learning disabilities who help her serve up to a hundred meals a day. It's a very satisfying job, especially when there are concrete results to be seen. She mentioned in particular one of her clients who now works in a shop canteen — a job she could never have considered tacking without Carole's help and guidance.

Carole also told us of a delightful incident which connects her work and her collecting. Last year she was quite ill and a girl from the Redlands Centre with Downes Syndrome, Diane, came

to visit her. Diane was fascinated by the cottages on the wall and studied them closely. Some time later, Diane went on holiday to East Anglia and sent Carole a postcard. On the front was a house that looked just like Suffolk House. Diane had remembered the cottage from her visit.

The recommendation from our stockist was correct: Carole does have a great collection and a fine display . . . and we thank her for allowing us to feature it in Cottage Country.

ABOVE: David Winter popped into Carole's home to admire her splendid display of cottages. He found some very early examples of his work, such as one of the first Old Curiosity Shops with clear imbedding resin poured through the window frame and The Courtyard (alias The Coaching Inn) with matchsticks for pillars all intact.

ABOVE RIGHT: In Carole's garden. David was particularly impressed with the wishing well built by Carole's husband Malcolm.

MIDDLE RIGHT: David signing The Forge — a particularly fine piece, David commented, with all the detail crisp and well defined, even the milestone!

BELOW RIGHT: A signature for Falstaff's Manor, plus a smile from the sculptor as he confessed that it was probably his favourite piece of all.

Birthstone Wishing Well

A charming thatched cottage with the exquisite detailing expected of a David Winter sculpture … yet uniquely fashioned to incorporate a Birthstone Wishing Well.

THIS PIECE IS ONLY AVAILABLE AT AUTHORISED IN-STORE PAINTING PROMOTIONS UNTIL 30th JUNE 1993, UPON WHICH DATE IT SHALL BE FOREVER RETIRED.

THE PROMOTION

At previously advertised in-store promotions, a skilled David Winter artist will carefully write the collector's initials onto the thatched roof of the Birthstone Wishing Well piece – in the English tradition of a thatcher weaving initials in straw on every roof that he completes – or on another appropriate place such as a chimney or wall. (Making this piece our very first personalised David Winter sculpture.) The collector will then be invited to place, into the tiny Wishing Well, a real gemstone appropriate to his or her month of birth … whilst making a very special Wish.

The stone will then be hidden by the Well's cover. (Customers will be warned that should this cover ever be removed, the Wish will not come true!)

Finally, the artist will sign the base of the sculpture next to a special "I made my Wish …" label illustrated with the relevant Birthflower.

THE ARTIST

Each David Winter artist participating in this Promotion will be equipped with a colourful assortment of paints and birthstones. John Hine Studios have a pool of talented artists who will be present at promotions to personalise Birthstone Wishing Well. As well as their paints they will also be equipped with a plentiful supply of birthstones.

THE BIRTHSTONE

Each stone is a real gemstone, some with a polished and others a matt finish. There will be no extra charge for the gemstone. One stone will be included in the price of each Birthstone Wishing Well. Listed here are the names of the twelve gemstones, their colours and the month of the year to which they apply.

REMEMBER – the Birthstone Wishing Well is ONLY available at Authorised In-store Painting Demonstrations until 30th June 1993, upon which date it shall be retired.

For details of promotions at which Birthstone Wishing Well will be available, please contact your Guild Office.

TOP: There are twelve variations of a special "I made my Wish..." label – one for each month of the year. The appropriate label will be placed on the base of each piece.

TOP RIGHT: An artist will write the collector's initials onto the Birthstone Wishing Well.

BIRTHSTONE/COLOUR/FLOWER CROSS-REFERENCE

MONTH OF BIRTH	BIRTHSTONE	BIRTH COLOUR	BIRTH FLOWER
January	Garnet	Dark Red	Carnation
February	Amethyst	Purple	Violet
March	Aquamarine	Pale Blue	Jonquil
April	Diamond	White	Sweet Pea
May	Emerald	Bright Green	Lily of the Valley
June	Pearl	Cream	Rose
July	Ruby	Red	Larkspur
August	Peridot	Pale Green	Gladiolus
September	Sapphire	Deep Blue	Aster
October	Opal	Variegated	Calendula
November	Topaz	Yellow	Chrysanthemum
December	Turquoise	Sky Blue	Narcissus

Each stone is approximately 1/4 inch across, but dimensions may vary considerably, and no guarantee of size can be given.

O'Donovan's Castle

In material terms Connor O'Donovan was a fortunate man indeed. He owned a successful distillery, a magnificent castle for a home and ... above all, he was a good man. But he was also a troubled man, for there were two sadnesses in his life. Firstly, he had never been lucky enough to find a wife and, secondly, as a teetotaller he was appalled by the upsurge in drunkenness which seemed to be sweeping through his beloved Ireland. One spring morning in the middle of the nineteenth century, O'Donovan woke up and decided to do something about both these predicaments.

Size: (w) 4 3/4" x (h) 7 5/8"

The main entrance to O'Donovan's Castle. It's an entirely imaginary sculpture, but David is very familiar with the distinctive elements of Irish architecture, having spent so much time in the 'Emerald Isle', and they have found their way into his work.

O'Donovan's Old Dew was famous throughout the whole of Ireland – the best selling whiskey in the land, thanks to Connor's father, Lonny O'Donovan, an itinerant musician who enjoyed more than a drop of the hard stuff himself. Lonny had decided one penniless Friday in County Cork that the cheapest way to drink whiskey was to distil it himself, so – to cut a long story dead – he set up his own still and discovered overnight that he had the Midas touch when it came to barley, pot stills and mash tuns. His whiskey was a sensation!

Like his father, Connor O'Donovan was a giant of a man, standing over nine feet tall. (Incidentally, Lonny played the Double Bass – under his chin!) It was a proud day for Lonny when Connor came of age and entered the family business. The timing was also fortunate, for O'Donovan senior was beginning to slip into delightful senility and abandoned insobriety. (In other words, he was getting old and drunk.)

The young giant had an enthusiasm to succeed which matched his size and almost immediately he came up with a marketing ploy of ingenious simplicity.

"If we halve the price of our whiskey," he declared, "then we're bound to sell twice as much!"

Most of the board members resigned on the spot – out of sheer envy at not having thought of it themselves, Connor suspected.

And he was proven correct. The plan worked, a cost cutting war broke out and within weeks most other distilleries went out of business. O'Donovan's kept afloat ... just.

"But the profit margin!" a gaunt chief accountant complained to Mr Lonny. "It's gone!"

"Splendid," said the proud father, as he sampled the daily output. "Splendid news! But my son is in charge now. Kindly refer all matters to him." The accountant did as he was asked – and soon *he* was gone.

It was about this same time that the drunkenness problem began to escalate – a strange coincidence! Never in the field of human commerce had so many been so drunk on Old Dew. Although shocked by this excessive behaviour, Connor was secretly relieved to see that at least they were drunk on O'Donovan's whiskey and no one else's.

Old Lonny did not live to witness the full extent of this epidemic. One day he fell into a mash tun and expired with a huge smile on his face. They tried desperately to pull him out and even caught hold of him twice – but both times Lonny managed to fight them off.

So Connor O'Donovan, alone and troubled, set out on his crusade to rid Ireland of the demon drink ... and to find himself a wife. His main weapon was his vast frame, combined with threatening behaviour and what was probably the nastiest face in the county of Cork.

One day Connor O'Donovan struck lucky. Somewhere between Clonakilty Bay and Old Head of Kinsale he came across a group of smugglers unloading contraband – casks of whisky and brandy, no less. He grabbed the ringleader by the collar and raised the gibbering man three feet off the ground. "YOU SMUGGLERS ARE EVIL!" Connor bellowed. "VULTURES, FEEDING UPON THE WEAKNESSES OF THE POOR IRISH PEOPLE!" Then something else occurred to him. "... AND YOU COULD RUIN MY DISTILLERY BUSINESS WITH YOUR CHEAP IMPORTS! AWAY WITH YOU!" In his rage Connor threw the man into the sea. He was last seen swimming past the Fastnet Rock, roughly in the direction of Newfoundland.

On the subject of wife hunting, O'Donovan was entirely luckless. Only once did he spy a young woman who he thought smiled pleasantly in his direction. Closer inspection showed that she was clinging tightly to an empty whiskey bottle and the grin was not aimed specifically at Connor – if it was a grin at all. Nevertheless, seeing that the bottle was from his own distillery, he moved closer and said to her: "Old Dew?" He never did understand why she slapped his face. Connor went on his way and forgot about wives.

"DISCARD THE DEMON DRINK!" he screamed as he roamed the countryside. "SIGN THE PLEDGE!" he bellowed in a voice which curdled milk in cows' udders and sent grass growing back into the soil. 'DO IT OR ELSE!"

"Or else what?" enquired a foolish fellow one time. It took them two days to remove him from the top of a nearby round tower.

Soon O'Donovan's reputation preceded him and the mere casting of his shadow across the table of a wayside bar was enough to have the locals lining up to sign the pledge. Nor would they dare touch a drop afterwards, for they had heard tell of the man on the other side of the county who broke the pledge. Connor O'Donovan had made a return visit to his village. The details of what happened to the man are too gruesome to describe; it is enough to say, however, from that day forward whenever he sneezed he blew straight in his left ear – and he had great trouble tying up his own bootlaces.

After weeks and months of travelling around Ireland, Connor O'Donovan began to feel that he had succeeded in his task. He could no longer find anyone who had not signed the pledge – in fact he was finding it very difficult to find anyone at all! So late one night he returned home to his beloved castle in County Cork. He had neglected it of late and there were repairs to be done. They would have to wait until he had checked on the distillery.

Next morning Connor O'Donovan marched into the board room to find a disastrous state of affairs. Business was terrible! Sales figures were plummeting and in his absence they had had to lay off most of the workforce. O'Donovan slumped into his chair with his head in his hands in a state of utter bewilderment. Why? Had he neglected the business whilst on his quest against the demons of alcohol? Surely not. So why were sales so poor?

ABOVE RIGHT:
O'Donovan's Castle has seen better days – part of the battlements have crumbled from neglect during Connor O'Donovan's absence! Or is it just one of David Winter's fascinating bits of detail, reminiscent of Castle Gate? There are ruined castles throughout the British Isles, some the victims of battle and others damaged by centuries of inclement weather.

He sat in silence for a long time and so did the board. Then after what seemed like an eternity he lifted his head slightly. A glimmer of understanding crept into his eyes. Pennies were dropping inside that huge skull as Connor O'Donovan realised precisely what lay at the root of his business problems.

"Gentleman," he announced in what for him was a moderate volume. A pane of glass shattered somewhere. "I have been a fool. I know why sales are so bad and why business is disastrous."

The board leaned forward in eager anticipation, for they had known all along but had not dared to confront their giant of a boss with the naked truth.

"Yes, oh yes."

Yes? oh yes?

"I can see clearly now ..." ("... the rain that falls." hummed one of the board, a hundred years before his time.)

O'Donovan continued: "Our problem is ... and has always been ... "

You could have heard a pin drop as he announced his final word on the subject to the exasperated board.

"... smugglers."

(Connor O'Donovan did eventually find himself a wife ... and they were the perfect match for each other. She was nine feet tall, a teetotaller and with the second nastiest face in all Ireland. Thus, rather too neatly, ends a very tall story.)

RETIRED *pieces*

THE FORGE

The Forge was only the third cottage David Winter ever sculpted, in the spring of 1980. First he made a mill (Mill House), then a pub (Three Ducks Inn) and next a forge – all cornerstones of the village community reflecting aspects of how we used to live. According to David, The Forge came quite quickly and was not a particularly difficult piece to sculpt.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FORGE ...

Being an early piece, David was still experimenting with sculpting techniques and had not yet developed his skills at creating all the fine detail on his work. Consequently the bits and pieces such as the pump, bucket, steel rods and so on were plastic modelling accessories added onto the wax original – so too were the words *A Shilling a Shoe*. On the other hand, David did sculpt the anvil himself. He learned quickly and the plastic accessories were used on very few pieces. Interestingly, the bucket on The Forge was an accessory but on Little Forge it was sculpted by David.

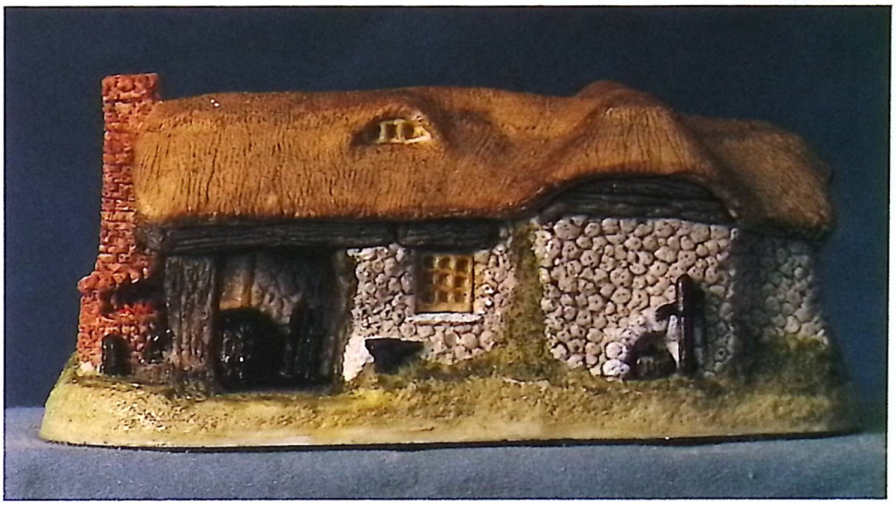
THE FORGE

Sculpted: 1980 Released: 1980 Retired/Discontinued: 1983
Size: (Maximum measurements)
Length – 9" Width – 5" Height – 2⅞"

AND LITTLE FORGE

ONE OF DAVID'S EARLIEST PIECES AND ITS DERIVATIVE.

FAR LEFT, MIDDLE AND RIGHT: Close-ups of detail on The Forge; the milestone on the front wall, the A Shilling A Shoe *sign and the outside loo.*



LITTLE FORGE (shown above)

Sculpted: 1980 Released: 1980 Retired/Discontinued: 1983
Size: (Maximum measurements)
Length – 5 1/2" Width – 3 3/4" Height – 2 1/2"

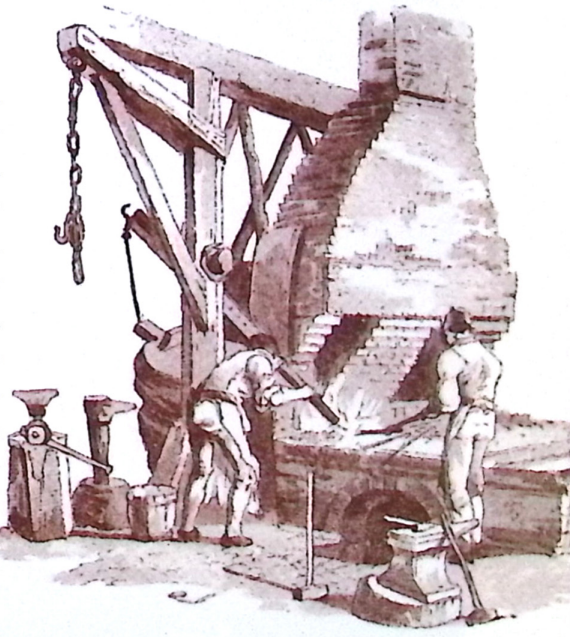
The Forge exists with and without a name plaque, date and signature, although examples with these items are much rarer. The plaque was a feature of numerous early pieces and was commonly removed during restyling – another example is Tudor Manor House.

The loss of detail on early pieces affected The Forge in various ways. The inscription on the milestone – BATH 104 – which rests against the front wall gradually faded, so too did the *A Shilling a Shoe* sign. David also says that there used to be a bicycle leaning against the back wall. The stone effect on the walls of the main building had to be resculpted at one stage using a dentist's tool to restore their definition.

The archway in the front wall also had to be reinforced with greenery as it tended to snap off during demoulding. In fact all the detail around the actual forge to the left of the piece demanded great skill to demould intact.

... AND LITTLE FORGE

To create Little Forge, David took an unpainted Crystacal model of The Forge and cut away the base, tree and outbuilding (which is actually a loo!) and smoothed down the sides. He did not add the name plaque and this piece was never signed or dated. Although both The Forge and Little Forge were available from 1980 until 1983, Little Forge is rarer to find these days as fewer were made. But like all early David Winter Cottages, actual quantities are impossible to determine as no records were kept at the time. As John Hine says: "We never thought anyone would be interested!"



CATERING FOR COTTAGES DOWN UNDER

Julie Morozevitch is a Lieutenant in the AACC (Australian Army Catering Corps) currently posted in Canungra, a remote area of Queensland. Wherever she goes so does her collection of David Winter Cottages – but with only limited space in her living quarters, the only place available to display them is in her wardrobe!

TOP: The Army School of Catering teams which entered the 1991 Ballarat March, a gruelling two day event involving a 60 kilometre course. Julie (seated front left) captained the winning ladies team.
LEFT: The Gold Coast – 30 minutes down the mountain from Julie's barracks in Queensland.

LEFT: Julie holding the cup for winning the Ballarat March. As captain of the winning team she had the dubious privilege of being thrown into a very cold pool by her girls. FAR LEFT: A wardrobe full of cottages. "It might sound strange, but it's also very practical when stretched for space."

Julie was given her first cottage – The Hogs Head Tavern – by her boss, who nicknamed her "the tavern wench" because at the time she was Supervisor of his Officers Mess at the School of Military Engineering. The piece really caught her imagination: "I had never collected anything before but from then on I was hooked. I have accumulated quite a few pieces since then." Not all of the collection travels to her various postings, however; there are more at her flat in Melbourne.

CANUNGRA – *WHERE JULIE IS STATIONED*

SYDNEY – *WHERE JULIE WAS BORN*

MELBOURNE – *WHERE JULIE WAS IN 1991 AND HER FLAT IS LOCATED*

Born in Sydney, New South Wales, Julie is the eldest of seven children. Her mother is Australian and although her father is Russian, the name "Morozevitch" is actually Polish (meaning "frost"). She joined the Army at the age of eighteen and has served fifteen years in the AACC. She was posted to Queensland in January 1992, having moved from the Army School of Catering in Victoria. "You feel cut off from civilisation here," she told us. "The area I am in is commonly known as the Hinterland. Thirty minutes down the mountain is the Gold Coast which is very commercialised, but up here it's quite isolated, though much cooler than down on the coast."

Thirty minutes further up the mountain is Binna Burra Lodge, where they hold murder mystery weekends. Recently they were short of actors and Julie was roped in to help swell out the cast. "I'm more of a 'behind-the-scenes' person, so I was quick to accept the only non-speaking role! I was grateful when it was over. Still, it seems the guests had fun."

With time on her hands at Canungra, Julie has taken to running in a big way, with several 30km training runs under her belt. In May she completed the Brisbane Half Marathon, and in July she entered the Gold Coast Full Marathon, despite a bout of very bad flu which broke her training schedule for two weeks. Nevertheless she completed the run in 3hrs 5mins. "Some of my colleagues think me a masochist ... and I tend to agree with them!"

Meanwhile, back to Julie's wardrobe and the more sedate world of David Winter Cottages. There on the bottom shelf are her favourite collection – the Christmas pieces. She has a fascination for Christmas and in particular snow, which has a mystic quality to someone born and bred in New South Wales. The only place in Australia where you will ever see it is up in the mountains of Victoria and New South Wales and Julie occasionally tries to get up there in the hope of witnessing a snow fall. Another treasured possession in the wardrobe is a few shelves up – Craftsmen's Cottages – an unexpected gift from Julie's husband and one that means more to her as time goes on.

Julie writes regularly to Cottage Country, usually to complain that the Squeak!!! competitions are too hard! (She gets most of the answers right, nevertheless.) The Great Mouse Hunt was a real headache, however. By the time she had worked out what date to phone in her answer, 27th May had already been and gone – but it wouldn't have made any difference as she claims she still hasn't worked out which phone number to ring! (We don't believe a word of it.)

A trip to the U.K. might be on the cards one day, but it's a long term plan. "I have been to England before and loved every inch of it," says Julie. "I think I was born in the wrong part of the world. If I am lucky enough I may get to go again – some time in the next ten years ... "

THE IMPOSSIBLE Oakhurst Cottage

Oakhurst Cottage is probably the nearest thing to a David Winter Cottage you will ever see in present day England — a tiny timber-framed dwelling with a rickety roof and chimney which has survived unaltered inside and out since it was built in the sixteenth century. The fact that it has escaped modernisation in such an affluent part of Britain is almost impossible to imagine, but equally remarkable is the fact that the cottage was inhabited by a family until just ten years ago.

Around Hambledon village green are a handful of cottages, a shop, a pond, a cricket pavilion and little else. It's barely more than a hamlet still. Hidden at the end of a leafy path behind the green is Oakhurst Cottage. You wouldn't know it was there unless you looked hard. The impression that the world has passed it by is accurate and confirmation comes from a well-known picture painted by Helen Allingham a century ago. Little has changed.

This was the typical home of an agricultural labourer and his family, although it probably started life as a one-room barn. When it became a home, the cottage must have grown like a David Winter sculpture, with a kitchen built on here and a pantry there as circumstance required. Eventually the upper floor was added but there would have been no windows upstairs at first and the dormer windows at the front were constructed some time later.

The oak timber frame is pegged together and filled in with brick panels that have been limewashed many times over – a sturdy combination to have survived so many centuries. Only the rear wall has been rebuilt, using a style known as 'rat trap bond' in which bricks are used on their edge to fill the space more economically.

The front door leads directly into the main room. On the left is the great hearth, the core of cottage life where food was prepared and the whole family could stay warm. Originally a bread

MAIN PICTURE AND ABOVE: Oakhurst Cottage today and **(FAR LEFT)** as painted by Helen Allingham a century ago. It has lost nothing of its beauty and charm and has avoided entirely the attentions of the twentieth century property developer, both inside and out. Having started life as a one-room barn, the two chimneys, upper storey and dormer windows were added by various occupants over the years as their requirements grew. The lovely garden contains a traditional blend of flowers and vegetables set either side of a path leading to the front door.

oven was built into the chimney but it was probably removed when the kitchen was added with its new oven. In those days you couldn't turn the heat up and down at the press of a button but you *did* know when the correct temperature had been reached for baking. One brick slightly different from the others was built into the oven and glowed brightly when the heat was just right. In the corner of the kitchen is a sink carved out of a great lump of stone and on the floor is a low wooden bench used for scraping the hair from newly killed pigs. Bacon was part of a labourer's staple diet.

The third room downstairs was probably used as a pantry and storage area. The ceiling is incredibly low – well under 6 feet – and the floor stones are worn down as they are throughout the lower floor, from the footsteps of generations of cottage dwellers.

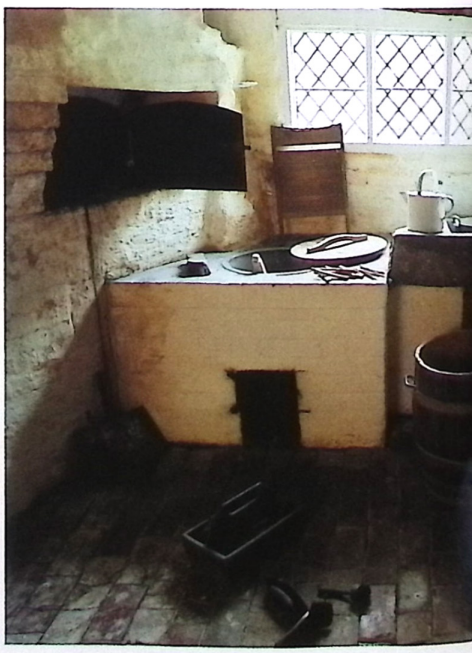
The stairs are of simple wood and not very strong, creaking loudly as you tread cautiously up them. Yet they are a relatively recent luxury – for a long time a ladder would have been all that was available to climb to the two upper bedrooms. Upstairs the wooden floors are very uneven and give as you walk around. The furniture is sparse – wooden bed frames strung with rope and covered with rush pallets, a wash stand, a chair, a table and a mirror on the wall. They are spacious enough for a small family but in times gone by families rarely *were* small and anything from six to ten people might have slept in these two rooms.

Back outside there is a wooden barn which is as old as the cottage itself. Inside are gardening tools and farming implements, plus some hens' nests. Daylight can be seen between the tiles as you look up, yet they are laid so cleverly that never a drop of water seeps through. Behind the barn, at the end of a winding path in the corner of the garden, is the privy – an unpleasant trip to make on a cold or rainy night. The generations of occupants of Oakhurst Cottage never knew the luxury of indoor plumbing!

When the last inhabitants moved away in 1980, the cottage was acquired by the National Trust who prevented it from falling into the hands of property developers. Thus a small but amazing link with the cottage homes of our ancestors has been preserved. It would have been understandable for such a place to have existed in pre-war Britain but the fact that it survived into the 1980s is little short of a miracle – a timely reminder of how far we have progressed away from humble living conditions in a relatively short space of time.

OAKHURST COTTAGE
Hambledon, near Godalming, Surrey.

Visiting Oakhurst Cottage is by appointment only and in restricted numbers. For details please contact:
The Custodian (Mrs Hardy) – Tel: (0428) 684733



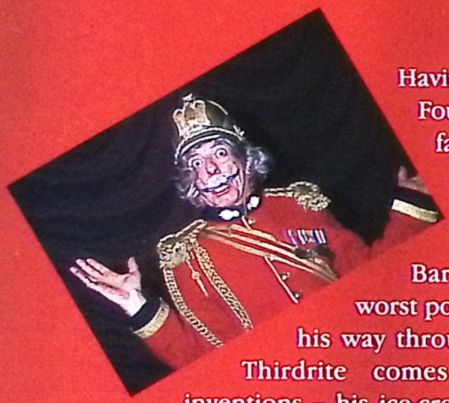
ABOVE: The main room with its large hearth and worn flagstones. In the centre of the fireplace is a great kettle which supplied hot water all day long. To the left is a box for salt (a precious commodity) which has a leather hinge to avoid corrosion. On the right is another box for holding candles, the primary source of light before gas and electricity.
FAR LEFT: The back kitchen with its bread oven, stone sink and various utensils. Clothes were washed in the wooden barrel, stirred and squashed many times with a pegged pole called a 'dolly' (also known as a 'working man's piano').
LEFT: One of the upstairs bedrooms, comfortable for two but a squeeze for a large family.

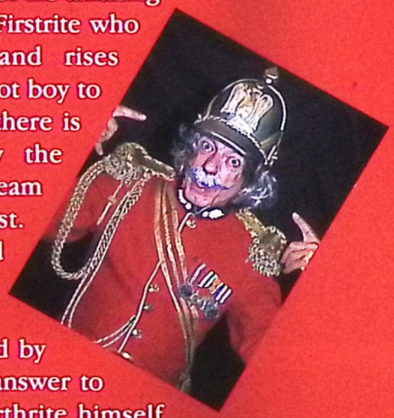
John Hine Studios™

unproudly present on video

Mad Baron Fourthrite's SPECTACULAR!

A mesmerising performance of mayhem and murderous jokes!

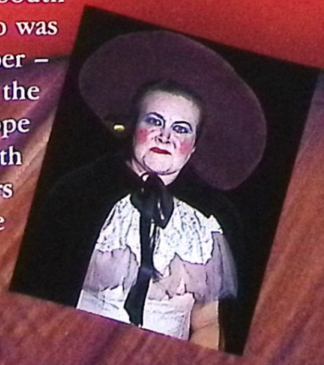


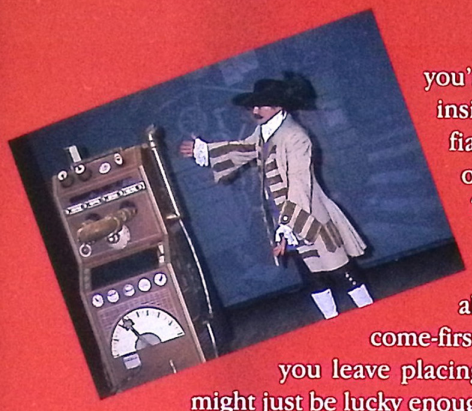


Having introduced himself with a jolly song, Mad Baron Fourthrite narrates the story of his amazing family, starting with Baron Firstrite who saves the king's life and rises overnight from tavern pot boy to titled landowner. Then there is Baron Secondrite, possibly the worst poet and musician ever to dream his way through the Greenwood Forest. Thirdrite comes next with his weird inventions – his ice-cream making machine has to be seen to be believed! And of course there is Baron Fourthrite himself whose life is overshadowed by the towering presence of 'England's answer to the Abominable Snowman' (as Fourthrite himself describers her) – Baroness Hardunbuy.

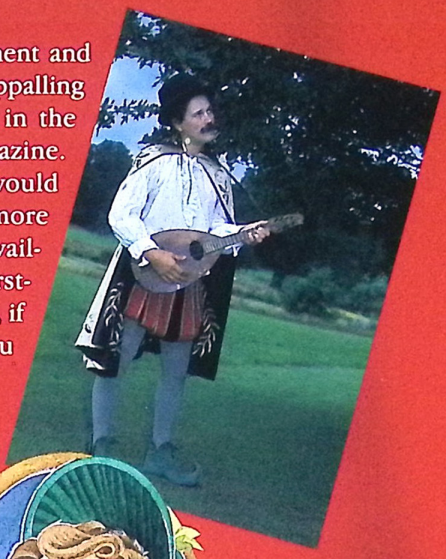
Throughout the tale runs a strange sub-plot of blackberry pie, ice-cream, asparagus and fried eggs — and as each generation passes, Mad Baron Fourthrite's Folly gradually takes shape . . .

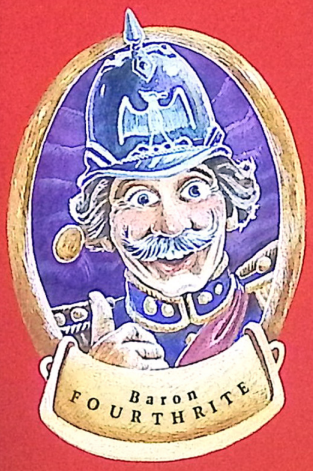
The one and only performance (so far) of Mad Baron Fourthrite's Spectacular was held at the International Collectible Exposition at South Bend in July and this video was produced in a limited number – 2,000 – for sale before and after the show. We also have 1,000 for the UK, Europe and Australia. The copies that weren't sold at South Bend are now offered exclusively to Guild members through Cottage Country magazine. HOWEVER, we must warn you that the video really is dreadful and if you have any degree of good taste and sensibility we recommend you don't purchase a copy. But if





you're gluttons for punishment and insist on witnessing this appalling fiasco, then you can fill in the order form in this magazine. There is no way we would consider having any more copies made so availability is strictly on a first-come-first-served basis. Mind you, if you leave placing an order too long you might just be lucky enough to miss out!

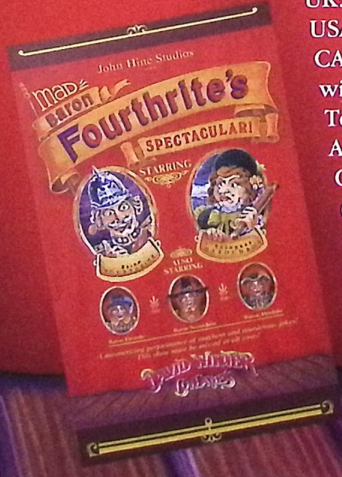




VIDEO

Code No. 01446 (UK Version)
Code No. 01445 (US Version)

UK: £9.95
USA: US$19.95
CANADA: Guild Office will advise
Tel: (416) 675 4634
AUSTRALIA: Guild Office will advise
(Prices include Postage & Packaging/Shipping & Handling)



AUDIO CASSETTE

Code No. 01444
John Hine Studios have also produced an audio cassette of the music from the Mad Baron Fourthrite Spectacular (available also in limited numbers from your Guild Office) – so give yourselves a double dose of horror and order both the video and audio cassette.
UK: £4.95
USA: US$9.95
CANADA: Guild Office will advise
AUSTRALIA: Guild Office will advise
(Prices include Postage & Packaging/Shipping & Handling)

TO ORDER THESE ITEMS PLEASE FILL IN THE ORDER FORM IN THIS MAGAZINE AND RETURN IT TO YOUR GUILD OFFICE.

Now available direct from your Guild Office

DAVID WINTER COTTAGES

THE DIRECTORY

David Winter Cottages in a Nutshell

PHOTOGRAPHIC SAMPLE ONLY

Over the years many Guild Members have asked us to provide a comprehensive reference source for their entire collection of David Winter Cottages. In response we have come up with **THE DIRECTORY**, a box of cards containing everything you need to know about David Winter Cottages — pictures, facts and figures relating to every David Winter sculpture.

THE DIRECTORY box measures 6½" wide x 5" high x 5" deep and is finished in matt Navy Blue. Inside are 203 cards arranged under headings such as **Current Collection**, **Retired Collection**, **Guild Pieces etc**. Every David Winter piece has its own card and contains on one side a colour picture of the piece, size, the date it was sculpted and other detailed background information. The other side has spaces for collectors to fill in their own comments such as date of purchase and price paid. The cards also cover all things associated with David Winter Cottages. For example, there are sections for Cottage Country Magazine, the Plate Collection, Limited Edition pieces and even miscellanea such as sticks of rock (candy) and David Winter tobacco!

In order that **THE DIRECTORY** will be continually up-to-date, a set of labels printed with "RETIRED" are included. These can be stuck onto a card when a piece moves from the Current to the Retired section. In addition, new cards will be printed as new David Winter sculptures become available.

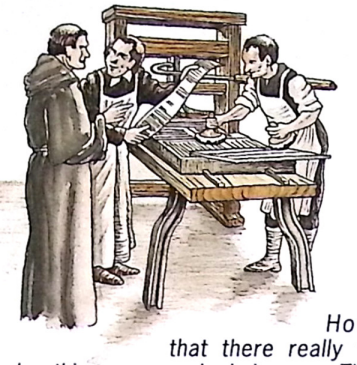
Due to the enormously high production cost, **THE DIRECTORY** is not available through David Winter stockists and can only be purchased by mail order from your Guild Office.

USA: US$65.00
UK: £29.95
AUSTRALIA: Contact your Guild Office.
CANADA: Contact your Guild Office. Tel:(416) 675 4634
(Prices include postage & packaging/shipping & handling)

To order **THE DIRECTORY** please fill in the Order Form enclosed in this magazine and return it to your Guild Office. Please allow a minimum of 28 days for delivery.

CODE NUMBER: 01559

LETTERS TO THE GUILD



Crooked love coins

Dear Sirs

I was most interested in your article in the Spring edition of Cottage Country regarding the "Crooked Man" nursery rhyme and how Charles 1st was the "crooked sixpence" referred to in the rhyme. But did you know that a crooked sixpence actually did exist as a coin in days gone by?

I am interested in history and have spent some 37 years "fieldwalking", that is to say, walking farm land in my locality picking up objects, some of which date back several thousand years, and to date I have found a few examples of these coins. I enclose a photograph of four of them that came from the site of an old fair that used to be held annually in my village and dates back at least 700 years. These particular examples actually date to the late 1600s but I have found earlier ones going back to Elizabeth 1st and Charles1st.

They were actually used as "sweethearts" tokens and were given by a young man to his lady friend as a token of his undying love. They are bent into an "S" shape and well worn coins were always used where the head was hardly discernible as it was a criminal offence to deliberately deface the sovereign's face on any coin. Of course if they parted company the girl would no doubt throw the sixpence away. I hope this is of interest to you and my fellow cottage collectors.

By the way how about David doing some really early type houses, might I suggest a Roman villa, as many of these dotted our landscape 1800 years ago, or a Saxon village like the one recently recreated in West Stow Country Park near Bury St Edmunds in Suffolk.

Ron Morley
Lakenheath
Suffolk
England

We didn't discover during our research for the article about There Was a Crooked House that there really was such a thing as a crooked sixpence. Thank you for enlightening us. Since our article, we have also heard from the owner of the castle which once belonged to the "crooked man". Sir Alexander Leslie . . .but more of him in a future issue. Editor.

Childhood memories

Dear Sirs

I would like to thank you for the wonderful memories you have brought back to me of my childhood in England. I was born in the Lake District and as a child walked the hills and dales with my grandparents. The article on Mardale was of particular interest as I remember being there and also the flooding of it later. My school years were in the town of Retford, right on the edge of Sherwood and I spent many happy hours in the forest playing in and around the old oak. Naturally that particular David Winter piece has a special meaning to me.

A few years ago my mother (still living in England) started my collection by buying me Tudor Manor House for Christmas. My collection has now grown to one hundred and five pieces. Unfortunately I cannot travel to England any more because of health reasons. You keep it all alive for me. Thank you.

Marjorie J Goodman
Dania
Florida
USA

Mardale must have been a beautiful village. You are fortunate to have known it before the flooding. Editor.

The real Spinner's Cottage?

Dear Sir

We came across this house in Bad Wimpfen, Germany. It reminded me so much of the Spinners Cottage that I had to take a picture of it. My son and grandson are standing with outstretched arms to 'measure' the house's width. We figure it was about twelve feet wide. It is now a flower and gift shop.

Elinore Repass
Orlando
Florida
USA

I can see the likeness . . . although to my knowledge David Winter has never been to Bad Wimpfen! Editor.

Keeping it in the family

Dear Sirs

My mother and my two sons, Tim and Matt, and I had the pleasure of visiting Eggars Hill in March. I could have spent several days there — everyone was very friendly and patient in answering all our questions. I have been collecting David Winter Cottages for four years but as you can see from the enclosed picture I have a serious family rival in my son Tim. He is very proud of The Bothy he made and it has a place of honor next to mine in our curio cabinet.

Nancy J Bolish
Bethel Park
Pennsylvania
USA

Time doesn't allow all our visitors to try

their hand at casting a cottage, so Tim is one of the fortunate few to own such a momento. I'm glad you enjoyed your day at Eggars Hill. Editor.

What about the Welsh?

Dear Sirs

I am writing as a very new member of the Guild. I have noted the Irish and Scots collections, amongst others, and wonder if David could be persuaded to sculpt a Welsh one. There are several examples of old Welsh cottages, including a cockpit, at the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagan's on the outskirts of Cardiff, if this is helpful.

You may be interested to know that I joined the Guild after reading an article in a woman's magazine about one of your collectors. I had not heard about David Winter and his cottages before this time and indeed the Irish Water Mill was the first sculpture I had seen. The intricate details and quality of painting are absolutely delightful.

Mrs Betty Webber
Ystrad Mynach
Mid Glamorgan
Wales

David knows about the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagan's — indeed the inspiration for several of his pieces has come from buildings there (most recently Welsh Pig Pen from the Cameos) — and certainly a Welsh Collection would complete the regional collections. However at this moment David has other things up his sleeve, but it's something to consider for the future. Editor.

An invitation to tea

Dear Sirs

Over the last twelve years or so I have been a keen collector of your cottages. My friend Gordan Marshall first introduced me to them by presenting us with one at Christmas and so from a small cottage has blossomed a quite nice collection. The only thing I miss is having somewhere to visit as on the island we have only one stockist and over the past year things have dwindled a bit. Both my friend Sue Allison and I feel the atmosphere and adventure has disappeared from hunting down a different piece. Sue is busy down on the farm and I myself don't travel very well, due to a kidney transplant a few years ago. Maybe one day soon we might get a chance to visit your Studios. Our

highlight of the month is the last Thursday when you send us a message . . . "We have retired a piece?" or "David and John have gone fishing!"

Enclosed within this letter is a picture of a chalet at Ballamoar Castle, Jurby, on the Isle of Man. When I saw this photo I thought it might interest you as it is quite unusual. So if David ever visits our little island do let Sue or myself know and maybe we could get together for a cup of tea.

Kendra Crellin
Onchan
Isle of Man
England

So there are two of you on the Isle of Man! Are you as lucky with competitions as Sue Allison? Editor.

Round towers — practical or not?

Dear Sirs

Browsing through your brochure on the Irish Collection I was very pleased to read your comments about the Irish people being "disarmingly charming and lovable." It is nice to read such praise about one's own nation. However, I was slightly dismayed to read in the section about the Irish Round Tower that they were built with "no practical function in mind" and "solely for the greater glorification of God and were symbols of the indisputable authority of the Church." I was taught at school that these towers were built in the 5th/6th Centuries in order to protect the inhabitants of the villages, and the priests (along with all their valuable chalices and manuscripts) from Viking attacks, or attacks from any other source for that matter. I wonder which one of us has the right theory about the round towers of Ireland.

Nuala Keegan
London N1
England

I think we are both right. The book from which we found our information (Irish Round Towers by Lennox Barrow) states that originally the towers were built as "symbols of the indisputable authority of the Church" . . . and as 'symbols" they would initially have had no practical purpose. It does go on to say, however, that over the centuries they were adapted for all kinds of purposes, including use as places of refuge from invaders. Other uses include as bell towers, grain stores, lookout posts and of course dwellings. Editor.

Continue collections

Dear Sirs

As a collector of David Winter Cottages since 1984 I have noticed with interest your various phases of production and marketing during that period of time. A more recent innovation which has been of particular interest to me is that of the placing of pieces into sets, such as the Midlands and West Country Collections. I do hope you will continue this trend in the future.

Rex A. Fortune
New Malden
Surrey

We are indeed continuing this trend with the Irish Collection and Cameos; it's an attractive way of combining sculptures together. However, we are not ignoring the regular Collection, which has had some interesting additions of late — Inglenook Cottage, The Weaver's Lodgings, and of course Castle In The Air. *Editor.*

Calling Christy and Beth at Dillard's

Dear Sir

I am the Department Manager of the Gift Department at Dillard's, a very large department store, where we proudly carry ninety-one David Winter Cottages. I am very intrigued by David's work. I could stare at one for hours a day and return the next only to find something different every time. There is also a sales person named Beth who has been collecting these cottages ever since she started working here four years ago. Anyone is lucky to touch the ones we have, she is a fanatic and very protective of them! We also have a very valuable customer, Mr Scheu, who comes in a few times a week to keep us updated on cottages to retire and arrive. He is a dedicated fan and Guild member. To

mention our names in Cottage Country would be a big thrill, especially as they have no idea I wrote to you. I thought it would be a good surprise.

Christy Ely
St. Louis
Missouri
USA

I hope Beth isn't so possessive that she doesn't allow people to purchase the cottages. Editor.

In loving memory

Dear Sirs

I have just been updating the list of pieces I have yet to collect. I need to keep this list as with over 97 pieces it is easy to forget which pieces I have or have not. It saddened me when I realised that there are a few pieces I have yet to purchase that my mother, who often indicated to me were her favourites, will never be able to admire. Sadly, following a very fast, virulent terminal cancer that took hold in only two weeks, she died on 9th April this year. She used to enjoy reading my Cottage Country, admiring some of the new cottages illustrated. Her two favourite pieces were The Old Distillery — because of the incredible chimneys — and Smugglers Creek. She used to love the pieces with tunnels or passages in, and Smugglers Creek was the best of these.

At present I am lodging with friends. All my pieces are still in their boxes in the loft, as I have nowhere to display them safely, and there they will stay until I eventually find a place of my own. Occasionally I crawl into the loft and with the help of a very strong torch, take a selection of pieces out of their boxes to admire them. One day they will all be in a display cabinet on show to all. Dream on!

In memory of my mother I now aim to save up for her two favourite pieces — and the rest!

Alison Wakely
Bristol
Avon
England

When you do own The Old Distillery and Smugglers Creek they will certainly be a lifelong reminder of your mother and I'm sure she would approve of your tribute. Going back a few years, however, we seem to recall a letter from you published in the Winter '87 issue of Cottage Country. Your collection has come on, for you said then you had a grand total of seven pieces! Editor.

A cottage from the front

Dear Sirs

My wife and I have been collecting cottages since 1980 but until 1989 we did not know that some were being retired. But our luck held in that the only two that we missed were Queen Elizabeth Slept Here and Robin Hood's Hideaway — the redemption certificates were packed in Texas while we were overseas and were out of date when we returned.

My wife says I am obsessed by the cottages — she's right. On my way to Desert Storm, we stopped in Spain and spent one night for crew rest. While there I found a cottage that I knew was not in my collection, so I bought it and left it with another marine who was staying in Spain to mail back to my wife. She knew I was OK when the first thing she got from me after leaving for Saudi Arabia was a David Winter Cottage.

Major David Cunningham
Cecil Field
Florida
USA

It must have been quite a surprise for your wife to receive the cottage. I should imagine when you left for the Gulf that was the last thing she expected you to track down. Editor.

Born in a bakehouse

Dear Sir

As part of my Golden Wedding present my husband gave me The Bakehouse to add to my collection. I was born in a Kentish bakehouse in 1921. Then for Christmas this year he gave me John Hine's book *Collecting David Winter Cottages.* I was more than thrilled. The description of the bread being made took me back to watching my father knead that "sticky mess" by hand until machinery came in.

My father and three brothers kept the bakery going until the end of the Second World War although two brothers were called up into the armed forces. The bakehouse was destroyed by one of the last German shells fired at Dover from Cape Gris-Nez. A road named Hewitt stands where the bakery once stood. Canterbury and Sandwich, where many cottages are still found, hold a special place in my heart as most of our courting days were spent there — Dover being too much in the front line. I was in the Women's Royal Navy during the war and lived in Kent until 1960 when we emigrated to Australia.

I still miss the English countryside, rural cottages, churches and castles. I've managed two trips back, the last one in 1975 and if I ever make it again would love to visit John Hine Studios at Aldershot.

My collection of five cottages which I started this year relives many memories of England for me. I recently sent off my subscription to join the Guild and received my first issue of Cottage Country. I am now looking forward to adding new pieces to my collection.

Jean Washford
Armadale
Western Australia

It's fascinating to hear from someone who has experienced first hand the lifestyle which is so much a part of the inspiration behind David Winter Cottages. Many traditional skill such as kneading dough by hand are virtually forgotten about these days and I for one hope that they never die out completely. Editor.

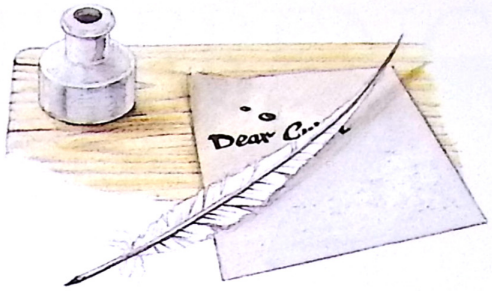
Havoc's unpleasant aroma

Dear Sirs

Please tell me it is all part of the tongue-in-cheek article regarding John Hine's speech in Indiana (Cottage Country Winter '91), when Miss O. Wonderful Darling said "havoc reeked." Did havoc really smell so bad? Or did the nameless proofreader John Hughes goof again? I assume the havoc was wreaked (brought about, caused) by John — at least one of them!

Peggy Laidman
Cazenovia
New York
USA

You're right, John Hughes goofed again. Editor.



Letter of the Quarter

From our U.S. winner of The Great Mouse Hunt

Dear Sir

I've finally calmed down to the point where my hands have temporarily stopped shaking and my writing is now legible again, so I wanted to take this opportunity to thank everyone at the Guild for this wonderful honor you have given us.

I would like to thank Lynn Wright at the U.S. Guild as she was in the envious position of answering the phone for the many hundreds of Guild members who called in and therefore was first to tell me the unbelievable news. When I heard Lynn say "Yes! That's right! You're our winner! !" my heart jumped into my throat. I could not believe my ears. I was not prepared to hear those words, nor to believe that the unbelievable had actually happened, so I apologise if I sounded like a babbling fool on the phone.

I would also like to thank Pia Colon — U.S. Guild Chairman. At 9.00 am the very next morning I received her letter congratulating me on being the U.S. winner of The Great Mouse Hunt. The letter convinced me that I had in fact *not* been dreaming the day before. When I read "the United States winner" and realised the scope of what that meant, the shaky hands and butterflies quickly returned. I also extend my thanks to all the people at the Guild who worked so hard for the last year to make The Great Mouse Hunt such an exciting event, not only for myself but also for the many thousands of loyal Guild members who enjoyed participating in the quest for the Holy Tail!

Lastly, of course, I look forward with great anticipation to expressing my gratitude in person to David Winter, Alice Winter, John Hine and all the other artists who participated in this wonderful event, without whose talents The Great Mouse Hunt of 1991/2 could not have been such fun for all of us.

I'd better go now before this starts to sound like an Academy Award speech. The words are difficult to find to express my appreciation and my joy in being honored with this most sought-after and prestigious prize. For us pathetically addicted "Winterheads Anonymouse", this is literally a dream come true.

Alan Abbott
Uniontown
Ohio
USA

Mouse Hunt? What Mouse Hunt? Editor.

Please address letters to the appropriate Guild Office:

UNITED KINGDOM
Brenda Denton, The Chairman,
David Winter Cottages Collectors Guild,
2 Hillside Road,
Aldershot,
Hampshire GU11 3NB

UNITED STATES
Pia Colon, The Chairman,
David Winter Cottages Collectors Guild,
4456 Campbell Road, P.O. Box 800667,
Houston, Texas 77280-0667

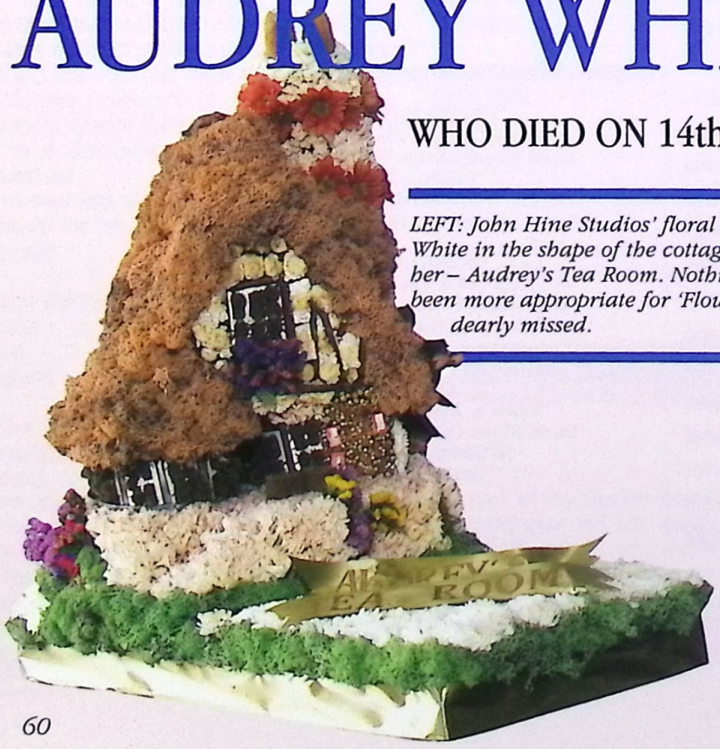
CANADA
Robert A. Burke, The President,
David Winter Cottages Collectors Guild,
20 Voyager Court South,
Rexdale, Ontario
M9W 5M7

AUSTRALIA
Bev Munro, The Chairman,
David Winter Cottages Collectors Guild,
15 Gatwick Road,
P.O. Box 566, Bayswater,
Victoria 3153

IN MEMORIAM

AUDREY WHITE

WHO DIED ON 14th JULY 1992



LEFT: John Hine Studios' floral tribute to Audrey White in the shape of the cottage named after her – Audrey's Tea Room. Nothing could have been more appropriate for 'Flower'. She will be dearly missed.

Experienced and gifted artist sought to paint extraordinary detailed miniature sculptures. Please ring Woking 02467 John Hine

"I placed this advertisement in the Surrey Advertiser in 1979 when it became clear I could no longer manage without help David was sculpting and casting all day long but I was falling behind with the painting because I was spending so much time on the road selling. Obviously the gods of good fortune were with me that day because the only reply to my advertisement came from Audrey White.

"She had experience in two demanding areas of artistic expertise; firstly as a professional photographic colour artist painting onto monochrome print so accurately as to give the impression that it was an exotic colour photograph, and secondly as a gifted water colour artist whose speciality was floral detail in gentle and real colours.

"We met and I instinctively knew that Audrey and I could work together extremely well. My instinct was spot on – never a cross word in all the years, even though we were dealing daily with the prickly matter of choice and taste. 'If a thing is worth doing, then it's worth doing well,' she would say to me, and she meant it. We once sat at her dining table for two weeks and experimented with the colour scheme on sixty Dove Cottages. We weren't happy with any of them and they were all smashed and dumped. But the next week we got it right and away we went.

"I didn't see her very much sometimes as I would drop off a day's worth of casting, leaving them in the cat kennel outside her back door, and pick up her previous day's work – all this well before dawn.

"Visitors to Eggars Hill met and talked to her and learnt that her nickname was 'Flower' because of her passion and skill at painting blooms of all shapes, sizes and colours. When she became ill she realised that smoking had seriously damaged her health and persuaded me to give up. Nobody was more surprised than Audrey that I could go from sixty a day to nil overnight and I have been able to stick it out for three months now. My new, healthier lifestyle is just one of the many things that I owe to Flower."

John Hine

REFERENCE SECTION

The information contained in this section is presented *as we understand it to be correct.* If it is at variance with your knowledge in any way, please write to us with the details and we shall be happy to incorporate them into future listings. *Write to:* Reference section, 2 Hillside Road, Eggars Hill, Aldershot, Hampshire, GU11 3NB.

RESTYLED PIECES

John Hine's book, Collecting David Winter Cottages, contains a detailed listing of the alterations made to David's work over the years. Here is a condensed version which we hope to add to and expand as we hear from collectors about their individual pieces. The listing includes both officially restylings and minor alterations not large enough to constitute a 'restyling'.

Officially Restyled Pieces in Current Range

IVY COTTAGE

Reworked in 1983.

Reason: Aesthetic.

Changes: Reduced in height. White stepping stones added to path leading to door. Flower boxes and more ivy added.

N.B. Still more ivy added growing over the roof at a later date, but this has since disappeared again.

LITTLE MARKET

Modifications in 1983 as per Market Street and Wine Merchants.

MARKET STREET

Totally remade around original design in 1983, though date on piece (1980) remained the same.

Reason: Deterioration of detail in original moulds.

Changes: Beams and weather boarding reworked. Chimneys made squarer and taller. General crisper appearance. DW's name and date added.

THE OLD DISTILLERY

Modifications made in 1986.

Reason: Aesthetic and to facilitate demoulding.

Changes: More ivy at centre of building cluster to the right. Largest of buildings of far left cluster: straight roof line changed to a hipped roof. Building adjoining the main central distillery (looking from left) was set back half an inch; the newly acquired area was re-modelled and new crates added.

THE PARSONAGE

Restyled in 1986.

Reason: To facilitate demoulding.

Changes: Front building on the right moved half an inch to the right. The porch walls were also reduced (due to breakage vulnerability).

ROSE COTTAGE

Totally remade in 1983.

Reason: Deterioration of detail in original moulds.

Changes: Crisper detail to the thatch. Porch detail tidier. Round paving stones added to path. (Original path design not known).

TUDOR MANOR HOUSE

Totally remade in 1985.

Reason: Loss of detail and aesthetic reasons.

Changes: Beam detail, window positions and chimney design all restyled. Ivy and creepers grown in various gaps between buildings. Name plaque removed.

N.B. Also many painting variations in early pieces.

THE WINE MERCHANT

Restyled in 1983.

Reason: Deterioration of moulds.

Changes: Taken from half of Market Street and remade as per new Market Street design. Beam work was removed.

Restyled Pieces Now Retired

FAIRYTALE CASTLE

Restyled in 1986.

Reason: To facilitate casting and demoulding, and to counter shrinkage.

Changes: Size increase. Ivy added around the gaps between the four main towers. Ivy arches added. Tower caps lost their needle sharp caps. Ivy arch to rear of main tower became overgrown.

N.B. Most of these alterations appeared gradually over a period of several years until they were officially incorporated into David's remodelled version.

LITTLE MILL

Restyled as per Mill House modifications in 1980.

Reasons: Aesthetic and to alleviate casting problems.

Changes: New water wheel design. Beams more prominent.

N.B. Additional, more substantial changes were made in the same year, thus creating a Little Mill Mk 3: Creeper added in gap between main building and water wheel. Plaque on base ("The Little Mill - David Winter - 1980") removed.

MILL HOUSE

Total redesign in 1980.

Reasons: Aesthetic and to alleviate casting problems.

Changes: Just about everything apart from the main building shape. Base reduced in size, with loss of trees and outbuilding. New bridge design. New water wheel design. Beams more prominent.

Minor Alterations (Current and Retired Pieces)

THE ALMS HOUSES

Gutters were made shallower in 1984. Stone walls also reinforced.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

Taller chimneys added soon after introduction.

THE BAKEHOUSE

Extra band of bricks added to the chimney soon after introduction.

BROOKSIDE HAMLET

Modifications between 1984 and 1985 include: more greenery behind the mill wheel, a shallower hollow above the wheel, more water dripping from the wheel, more ivy on exposed corners, more foliage in hollow to right of door in top building.

CASTLE KEEP

Pierced windows infilled and plaque with inscription "Guildford Castle" removed in 1981.

CHICHESTER CROSS

Earlier pieces coloured stone white or stone grey – later pieces were sandstone buff. (An edition of six were cast in cold cast bronze).

CORNISH TIN MINE

Bush extended late 1983 to fill developing gap between chimney stack and building. Eventually remodelled as Cornish Engine House.

COTTON MILL

Bushes between chimney and building extended to about 3 inches on later models in 1984. Eventually remodelled as Derbyshire Mill.

COTSWOLD COTTAGE

Overhangs reduced in early 1983 on end gables and porch.

COTSWOLD VILLAGE

1982/83 modifications made were: Ivy in gaps between buildings, up church walls and up some house roofs. House chimneys made broader and without overhanging lip. Church porch overhang reduced. Bushes growing behind grave stones.

CROFTERS COTTAGE

Restyled and renamed Scottish Crofters. Stones added onto thatch.

DOVE COTTAGE

History of distortion in moulds, causing slight variations in appearance. Some chimneys were 'touched up' at fettling stage. Woman sitting between chimney breasts sometimes found without her head!

Minor Alterations (Current and Retired Pieces)

EBENEZER SCROOGE'S COUNTING HOUSE
Ivy added for about two and a half inches up the rear corner of the two main buildings.

FISHERMAN'S WHARF
Ivy grown up to vulnerable gable ends.

GREEN DRAGON INN
Modified soon after introduction. Ivy added at top of stairs. Black, then brown, pub sign with paper label; finally metal sign with etched detail reinforced at base with more bushes.

THE FORGE
Ivy added between main building and outhouse.

HERMIT'S HUMBLE HOME
Trees modified in 1985 – later models have fewer deep cavities.

HERTFORD COURT
Enlarged courtyard and central section of main building. More ivy added generally.

THE HOUSE ON TOP
Very early models had a sheer drop down into the cave at the front from just outside the main door. Ivy gradually added to supporting trusses of upper buildings. Process complete by 1984.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP
Man peering through curtain missing on early pieces. Window frames at front cast separately at first but incorporated into the main cast to avoid assembly problems. The windows were made from a variety of materials.

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH
Slight variations in spire point.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
Gradual loss of detail and a bowing distortion as moulds aged.

STRATFORD HOUSE
Gap between main house and small building to left gradually filled with more ivy.

SUFFOLK HOUSE
Early ones were painted white – later ones pink.

THREE DUCKS INN
Some mould making distortions. Colour variations on early pieces.

TOLLKEEPERS COTTAGE
More ivy added very soon after it was first made.

TYTHE BARN
Headless cows on some models. Initially barn door was glued in position, but since 1983 it has rested in the barnyard.

WOODCUTTERS COTTAGE
Top of main stump was slightly blunted in 1985.

THE BOAT HOUSE
Alterations to the mould caused minor variations on the porch stones around the large square post.

CASTLE IN THE AIR
Reinforcement added where flags are attached soon after introduction.

The Current Range of

DAVID WINTER COTTAGES

Date Introduced	Name of Piece	Comments
1980	The Winemerchant	*Restyled 1983*
	Little Market	*Restyled 1983*
	Rose Cottage	*Restyled 1983*
	Market Street	*Restyled 1983*
1981	Single Oast	*Restyled 1985*
	Triple Oast	*Restyled 1985*
	Stratford House	
	The Village	*Restyled 1986*
1982	Drover's Cottage	
	Ivy Cottage	*Restyled 1983*
	Sussex Cottage	
	The Village Shop	
	The Dower House	
	Cotswold Cottage	
	The Old Distillery	*Restyled 1986*
1983	The Bakehouse	
	The Bothy	
	Fisherman's Wharf	
	The Green Dragon Inn	
	Pilgrim's Rest	
	Hertford Court	
1984	The Chapel	
	Snow Cottage	
	The Parsonage	*Restyled 1986*

Date Introduced	Name of Piece	Comments
1985	The Cooper's Cottage	
	Kent Cottage	
	The Schoolhouse	
	Craftsmen's Cottages	
	The Vicarage	
	The Hogs Head Tavern	
	Blackfriars Grange	
	Shirehall	
	The Apothecary Shop	
	Yeoman's Farmhouse	
	Meadowbank Cottage	
	St. Georges Church	
1986	Smuggler's Creek	
	Devon Combe	
	Tamar Cottage	
	There was a Crooked House	
1987	Devon Creamery	
	John Benbow's Farm House	
1988	The Windmill	
	Lock-Keeper's Cottage	
	Derbyshire Mill	
	Gunsmiths	
	Lacemakers	
	Coalminers Row	
	Cornish Engine House	
	Cornish Harbour	
1989	The House on the Loch	
	Macbeth's Castle	
	Gillies Cottage	
	Gatekeepers	
	Scottish Crofters	

Date Introduced	Name of Piece	Comments
1990	Burns' Reading Room	
	Stonecutters Cottage	
	The Boat House	
	Pudding Cottage	
	Blossom Cottage	
	Knight's Castle	
	St Anne's Well	
	Grouse Moor Lodge	
	Staffordshire Vicarage	
	Harvest Barn	
	Guy Fawkes	
	The Bull and Bush	
1991	Bookends	
	The Printers	
	The Bookbinders	
	Moonlight Haven	
	CASTLE IN THE AIR	
	Inglenook Cottage	
	The Weaver's Lodgings	
1992	Cameos	
	Lych Gate	
	The Privy	
	The Potting Shed	
	One Man Jail	
	Barley Malt Kiln	
	Poultry Ark	
	Welsh Pig Pen	
	Market Day	
	Brooklet Bridge	
	Greenwood Wagon	
	Saddle Steps	
	Penny Wishing Well	
	Irish Round Tower	
	Only a Span Apart	
	Fogartys	
	Secret Shebeen	
	Mad Baron Fourthrite's Folly	
	Murphys	
	O'Donovan's Castle	
	Birthstone Wishing Well	

Discontinued/Retired Cottages

Date Discontinued	Name of Piece	Date Introduced
1980	Mill House	1980
	Little Mill	1980
1981	Three Ducks Inn	1980
	Chichester Cross	1981
	Provencal One	1981
	Provencal Two	1981
	Provencal (Tiny) A	1981
	Provencal (Tiny) B	1981
1982	TINY SERIES:	1980
	William Shakespeare's Birthplace	
	Anne Hathaway's Cottage	
	Sulgrave Manor	
	Cotswold Farmhouse	
	Crown Inn	
	St. Nicholas' Church	
	St. Paul's Cathedral	1981
	Castle Keep	1981
	Double Oast	1981
	Sabrina's Cottage	1982
1983	Dove Cottage	1980
	The Forge	1980
	Little Forge	1980
	•Mill House	1980
	•Little Mill	1980
	• *Re-modelled from originals*	
	The Coaching Inn	1980
	The Old Curiosity Shop	1981
1984	William Shakespeare's Birthplace (large)	1982
1985	Quayside	1980
1986	Tythe Barn	1981
	Cornish Cottage	1982
	Blacksmith's Cottage	1982
1987	Moorland Cottage	1982
	The Haybarn	1983
	Miner's Cottage	1983
	The Alms Houses	1983
1988	House on Top	1982
	Cornish Tin Mine	1983
	Replaced by Cornish Engine House	
	Cotton Mill	1983
	Replaced by Derbyshire Mill	
	Woodcutters Cottage	1984
	House of the Master Mason	1984
	Hermits Humble Home	1985
	Ebenezer Scrooge's Counting House	1987
	Christmas in Scotland and Hogmanay	1988
	Wintershill (Jim'll Fix It)	1988
1989	Crofter's Cottage	1988
	Replaced by Scottish Crofters	
	Fairytale Castle	1982
	Suffolk House	1985
	The Grange	1988
	A Christmas Carol	1989
1990	Squires Hall	1985
	Cotswold Village	1982
	Mr Fezziwig's Emporium	1990
	Cartwright's Cottage	1990
1991	Falstaff's Manor	1986
	Brookside Hamlet	1982
	Spinner's Cottage	1984
	Tudor Manor House	1981
	Bottle Kiln	1988
	Orchard Cottage	1987
	Fred's Home etc.	1991
1992	Castle Gate	1984
	Audrey's Tea Room	1992
	Tollkeeper's Cottage	1984

Guild Special Pieces

Date Introduced	Name of Piece
1987	Village Scene•
	(1987/88 Membership Gift)
	Robin Hood's Hideaway•
	Queen Elizabeth Slept Here•
1988	Black Bess Inn•
	The Pavilion•
1989	Bas-Relief Plaque•
	(1989 Membership Gift)
	Home Guard•
	The Coal Shed•
1990	The Plucked Ducks•
	(1990 Membership Gift)
	The Cobbler
	The Pottery
1991	Pershore Mill•
	(1991 Membership Gift)
	Tomfool's Cottage
	Will - o' - the wisp
1992	Irish Water Mill
	(1992 Membership Gift)
	The Beekeeper's
	The Candlemaker's

• *Retired/Discontinued*

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